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MEETING AND BEATING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

A SUCCESS STORY; HOW I SYSTEMATIZED HOME EXPENSES AND PUT MYSELF IN BUSINESS

By W. Herbert Sinclair

"Now Walter," said my wife the other night as we were in the living room of our new home and the maid was clearing the table, "I believe that you ought to find some way to tell other men about it."

"About what?" I asked, as I lighted my after-dinner cigar.

"Your experience. What else did you imagine?"

"My experience!" I exclaimed almost in surprise. "Why nobody would be interested; nobody cares what *I* did."

"You're both right and wrong," was my good wife's answer. "Nobody cares about *what* you did, but there are thousands of men and their wives who are vitally interested in *HOW* you did it.

"I'm sure that everyone these days is more than merely *interested* in learning how to do more than make both ends meet. People would like to know how to be able to visit the bank regularly and deposit some money that they know will not have to be drawn out and used the next week or the next month.

"You've had a wonderful experience — and actually *had* it. You were so steeped in despair that you saw nothing but black ahead of you. Many men today are in that same position; others do not see dull black, but the outlook for them is mighty gray, while a still larger number are heading toward your former unenviable position and do not know how to stop themselves.

"You owe a debt to these men, to their wives and to their children. It is your humanitarian duty to show them how they can have and enjoy more of the good things of life.

"But I'm no writer, Belle," was my protest.

"You don't have to tell me that; I know it. And you don't have to write your story. Just *tell* it—tell it as you would to Frank Tallman or Harry Franklin or any other good friend of yours whom you wanted to help. You're a business man and not a writer. That will make your experience, as you must tell it, all the more interesting and helpful."

* * * *

Here is my story—just the facts with no frills of the professional writer and without any attempt at what the critics call style.

Four years ago I was the owner of my own business. It was paying well and growing. The outlook was so rosy that neither my wife nor myself saw any reason for stinting ourselves. We lived right up to my income, as most people do, and always said to one another that we would begin saving when we had finished doing this or that. We had everything we wanted and did not know the meaning of financial worries.

I worked hard. The business required all of my attention. Long hours and a heavy mental strain were my portion six days in a week. My health was slipping, but I didn't dare admit it. I fought nature. Then the inevitable happened. I broke down. I was forced to give up business.

Now it happened that my business was of such a nature that it required my personal attention. This I was unable to give it. I was forced to sell out. I couldn't work. My wife and I decided to live on the money I received until I recovered my health.

At first we did not change our mode of living. It was not long, however, before we saw that such a move would be absolutely necessary. We took a cheaper apartment. We dispensed with a maid while my wife did her own housework. But even with these economies our money just seemed to slide away. We didn't know where it went. Right there, I found out later, was where our trouble lay.

These were hard times particularly for my wife and child. I didn't mind it so much myself but I hated to see my wife look worse than I ever had seen her look. And it pained me to observe that my little girl was not so well dressed nor so healthy appearing as other children. Those things began to tell on me. They retarded my recovery. Lack of sufficient money to tide us over an emergency was the cause of it all. And it was our inability to save when we had money that made it seem impossible to save when we needed to do so.

One day, when I was deepest in despair, a good friend asked me to lunch with him. I did. He was a diplomat. Although he knew of my plight, he talked on subjects which he knew would not cause me pain. After luncheon he invited me to come to his home that night to discuss a business proposition.

"I'm in no condition to talk business," I said in reply to his invitation.

"Oh yes, you are," he answered laughingly. "This kind of business. You'll enjoy it. And what is more, it'll mean much to you."

I was puzzled. What did he mean? I told Belle where I was going after dinner.

Benedict—that was my friend's name—invited me into his study. After handing out better cigars than I had smoked for a long time (I had given up cigars although I was inordinately fond of them) he started in.

"Walter," he said, "I consider myself one of your best friends. In that position I can dispense with a lot of ceremony and a certain amount of so-called diplomacy.

"I've been watching you for some time. I know what's wrong. I know that you were doing well in business. I also know that you didn't save any of the money you made and that all the money you had when your health failed was what you received for your business.

"The money couldn't go far even after you pared expenses. You're right smack up against it.

"The truth of the matter, however, is that you had enough money to go on living as you were IF you had known how to spend it. And right now you have enough left to keep you and your family properly until you have recovered completely.

"I asked you to come here to-night because I want you to learn *how to stretch money!*"

With that Benedict excused himself. He returned in a moment with a little black book. Drawing his chair beside mine, he touched the book and said most seriously.

"Here's the greatest little money stretcher in the world. It helps you to make a dollar go farther than anything I know. It's just a book. But, oh, *such* a book! Now let us look into it."

Benedict talked to me for fully two hours. He told me how, three years before, he had purchased this book and brought it home. He explained that the first year, through its use, he had been able to save $800 out of his $3000 salary and *live better* than ever before. The second year he received a raise in salary and managed to save $1100. With this $1900, which he never would have had, he said, if it had not been for that book, he started in business. Even now, with seemingly nothing to worry about, he and his wife kept up the book. They found that it let them have things that otherwise they would have to do without.

"Why, Walter," Benedict said, "I wouldn't give up using this book now for $500 a year more income, because it saves me *more* than that."

Benedict's talk and the evidence of his prosperity set me thinking. The next morning I bought a book like Benedict showed me. That night, after Belle had cleared the table, I called a family council.

"Belle, you realize as well as I that something must be done about our finances," I began. "You've done all that you can. I've been remiss. But it's never too late to mend. Last night, at Benedict's house, my eyes were opened. Now I'm going to open yours. You've been a good, dutiful, careful wife. But it is plain that there is something radically wrong somewhere. Now we're going to correct it."

"Everything is so high, Walter, that I simply don't know what to do," interrupted Belle. And she was on the verge of tears.

"There, there, Belle," I said as I tried to comfort her, "I told you that it was all my fault, not yours. I'm to blame because I didn't put system in the home just as I did in my office—when I had one—and as I will do when I have another."

Then I produced the book.

"Now here's a book that will put business system into the home."

"What kind of a book is it?" inquired Belle.

"It's called the Woolson Economy Expense Book," I told her.

Then I showed Belle what it was intended to do and why it did it. I showed her how easy it was to keep this book. All that was necessary was to enter the items that she bought and their cost each day. Columns were provided for monies received and disbursed. So that disbursements could be separated properly, the columns for Rent and Water, for Light and Heat, for Meats and Groceries, Labor and Services, Insurances and Taxes, Interest, Furniture, Clothing, Physician and Medicine, Carfare, Books and Magazines, Amusements and for every other possible expense of a family.

It would take only three or four minutes a day to keep up the Woolson Economy Expense Book. It would show where every cent of our money went. It would help us reduce expenses where they were too heavy and eliminate needless purchases. Then, too, keeping such a book really would be great fun.

Next I explained to Belle how to "budget" our expenses.

"That's just what I have been doing," Belle answered.

"I know. But the trouble has been that you never could tell when you exceeded your budget. You unknowingly used the money for one thing to buy another and then had to go without something that you really needed. With this book you save unconsciously. It makes saving a pleasure. There's nothing complicated about it. Why, even Babe here, could do it easily.

Well, Belle entered into the spirit of it. We appropriated budgets for everything. Belle and Babe kept the book. At the end of the first week Belle showed me where she had spent $8 less than we had figured necessary. And we hadn't wanted for anything. The next week we did even better—saved $10.85. Each week the saving kept up. We had better food and more of it; Belle and Babe bought clothes, for we were learning *how to stretch money!*

Everything was changed. I had no financial worries. My health improved rapidly. Soon I was able to take a position at a good salary. We kept right on saving. Woolson's Economy Expense Book made it so easy that we actually didn't know that we were saving except when we *looked at* our bank book and saw the balance growing steadily larger.

That was a little more than three years ago.

Last week I again started in business for myself. The money which we had saved through the help of the book enabled me to do it. Last week I met Bill Benedict and asked him if he was still keeping up his Woolson Economy Expense Book.

"You bet I am," he said, grinning from ear to ear.

And I said to him: "Bill, I'll never be able to thank you enough for bringing that book and what it does to my attention."

* * * * *

There's my story. Nothing fancy about it, is there? But it's a true story that never would have happened had I gone on trying to save without system, as so many other men are trying to do. I have told my story just as Belle said I should. But there's something else I want to say on my own hook now that I am about it.

I feel that every family should get and keep a Woolson Economy Expense Book. It has done so much for me and for my family that I often go out of my way to tell others about it.

Anybody can keep this book accurately. There's nothing complicated about it. No knowledge of bookkeeping is necessary. It takes but a few minutes a day. Splendidly bound, too, with a semi-flexible cover of full morocco fabrikoid, stamped in gold.

What this book has done for me it should and can do for every other man. The man who goes along trying to save without the system which this book provides will never save as much money, even though he earns $500 a year more, than the man who lets this great little book help him.

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The Nation

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The Week

IT is pleasant to read of the flattering reception which Mr. Wilson has met with in France, and of the favorable impression which his early public utterances have made. It would be an immense relief if the country might also know that the outlook was bright for a harmonious peace conference, that the broad principles of justice which Mr. Wilson has repeatedly phrased would be frankly and unhesitatingly adhered to, and that all essential proceedings would be public. Unhappily, no such relief is yet in sight. Mr. Wilson is indeed reported to have expressed again his desire for open discussions, but the only response, apparently, thus far is the announcement that France and England think the reports of proceedings ought by all means to be closely scrutinized, and the clamping on again of a rigorous French, English, and Canadian censorship. Great Britain shows as yet no disposition to accept Mr. Wilson's supposed views about the freedom of the seas, which Mr. Wilson himself puts in the forefront of his demands; and the only outlook for a league of nations, another of Mr. Wilson's cardinal points, is for a league dominated by Great Britain and the United States and with Germany left out. We do not yet know what anybody proposes to urge about the German colonies, or whether the plans of certain American missionary interests for the exploitation of Asiatic Turkey are to be negatived, or whether the new Poland is to include some millions of Germans, or whether Great Britain and France propose to stand by Italy in its unrighteous controversy with the Jugoslavs. Russia, apparently, is to be spoken for by a group of so-called Ambassadors no one of whom has legal standing as a Russian representative. There is no wonder that, with the stage apparently set for a peace congress of the time-honored Vienna-Berlin type, Belgium, the impoverished beneficiary of the world's bounty, should think the occasion opportune for urging a presumptuous demand for further territory.

LAST week dispatches from Brussels told us of a Belgian demand for the mouth of the Scheldt. This week, if we are to believe the reports coming from London, some of the Belgians are clamoring for the southern part of the Dutch province of Limburg, "which is inhabited by Belgians" and ought to be reunited to the mother country. Within historical times the region around Maastricht, the meeting point of two important Roman roads, has been one of the most interesting melting-pots of northern Europe. During the greater part of the middle ages Limburg recognized two simultaneous masters, the Dukes of Brabant and the Bishops of Liège. Finally, in the first half of the seventeenth century, Limburg became part of the Dutch Republic. In this position it has remained until to-day, without any noticeable complaint on the part of the inhabitants or any manifest desire for independence. The Belgian and British syndicate, however, which hopes to get hold of Holland's only coal mines uses the ethnological excuse for a mere geological grab. Plainly speaking, we do not like it. To covet the possessions of your neighbor whose house has escaped the common destruction is a manifestation of human envy which we understand and which we can forgive. To demand your neighbor's coal mines while the crumbs of his last hospitable meal are still upon the lapel of your coat is worse than bad manners. The sooner the Belgian Government recognizes this fact the more assured the Belgian people may be of continued American sympathy.

WITH regard to the Russian situation the most diverse groups agree in a desire to know what the Allies intend, and especially in a desire for aid from the United States for their several ends. From Admiral Kolchak, at Omsk, comes a message that to avert a possible débâcle it is imperative for the American Government to announce definitely and publicly just what it proposes to do. From Archangel, Tchaikowsky urges destruction of the Soviet power by arms. Miliukov in Constantinople turns again to the Allies. He declares that "the Bolsheviki are daily growing in strength owing to the indecision of their opponents," and that "the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives is to be expected this winter if civil war is not ended." His conclusion is an appeal for armed forces to be landed in the South by way of the Black Sea, to push the civil war. "The United States," he says, "is probably in position to give the greatest help." Russian circles in Stockholm are reported as most anxious to know the truth regarding alleged Entente support of the extreme reactionist group, which is said to have formed a cabinet under Trepov, with the aim of making Grand Duke Cyril Czar. A denial by Trepov that he is taking part in such a movement has been published. According to a dispatch in the *World*, the new French Minister to Sweden gave a dinner on December 10 to Generals Trepov and Judenitch—which is the more disconcerting as this group is described as "extremely hostile to the Omsk-Archangel Provisional Government." The British press is reported as insistent that Russia must be helped economically, and pointed questions have been urged in Parliament. Lord Cavendish-Bentinck asked: "Has the Government any alternative to the present policy, which apparently has no effect but to strengthen the power of the Bolshevist Government?" Official replies dwelt on the offences of the Bolsheviki, notably in the killing of a British naval officer, but as to policy were absolutely vague beyond that "the Government is not inclined to entangle the country at the close of the great war is serious military operations."

A SINISTER interpretation is put upon the Russian policy of the Allies by Kerensky in his United Press interview of December 11. He charges that the military aid given by the Allies "rapidly developed into an organized attempt to exploit Russia's wealth and cut off Russia from Europe by a barrier of tiny quasi-independent states. Thus, they are completing the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which Germany began." England and France oppose a general election for a constituent assembly "because it would restore Russia to her former international position. They opposed my going to America in September, because they did not want America to know the truth about Russia. The victorious Allies are forgetting their idealistic war aims.

EDUCATION DEPT.

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England and France already have agreed on the division of their spheres of influence in disintegrated Russia." "I appeal to America to remember the good side of Russia's part in the war as well as the unfortunate. Perhaps President Wilson's presence at the peace conference will prevent any brigandage." It is an immense responsibility for any man to have fixed on him from every quarter of the globe the eyes of those who feel themselves oppressed. Mr. Wilson may not have it in his power to make real the peace that he has described, but for the utmost measure of honest and unflinching devotion to its achievement he will be responsible before the judgment seat of history and his own conscience.

WE ventured the opinion awhile ago that the practical conduct of international affairs the world over is dominated by the spirits of Chadband, Gradgrind, Quinion, and Pecksniff, the four immortal types whose composite is a cross-section of Anglo-American civilization. Now it seems that Mr. Blotton of Aldgate has made his appearance as interpreter, with his famous principle of the "Pickwickian sense." Speaking through Senator John Sharp Williams and Mr. Roosevelt, he announces that the league of nations is to be thought of in the Pickwickian sense of an English-speaking union, that is, apparently, a union to impress upon the world the ideals, ambitions, and principles of Chadband, Gradgrind, Quinion, and Pecksniff, unadulterated and untempered. If there are those who dislike the civilization of Chadband, Gradgrind, Quinion, and Pecksniff, who think it grotesquely imperfect and unattractive (such, for example, as the Irish), they may wait without until they purge themselves of their detestable delusions. Again, Mr. Blotton, who has been extremely busy with President Wilson of late, announces that freedom of the seas is by no means freedom of the seas in the natural sense but only in the Pickwickian sense of freedom on sufferance of a control so absolute as to amount to ownership. What he will make of the remaining fragments of democratic doctrine is as yet undetermined, but we venture to express the conviction, arising from an admiring sense of the quality of his past performances, that he will be fully equal to any emergency that the peculiar necessities of Chadband, Gradgrind, Quinion, and Pecksniff may force upon him.

THE Senate Committee on Foreign Relations held hearings last week on the Gallagher resolution on behalf of Ireland. Great meetings in support of it are to be held all over the country. On December 11 the first of the series was held in Madison Square Garden, which was packed to overflowing, and uncounted thousands were turned away. All the Irish forces in America—the political organizations, the great Irish societies and, certainly not least, the Irish Catholics as such—are being massed to enlist America explicitly in the Irish cause. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, speaking at the New York meeting, treated the question as it should be treated, not as a problem of British politics or as a basis for anti-English feeling, but as an integral and necessary part of "a peace of true freedom under right for all alike." "Ireland," said the Cardinal, "is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else may be done there will be no complete justice, no genuine sincerity believable, and the war not bringing justice will not bring peace." Who can doubt that this is literally true?

IT looks as though the current of migration, for the immediate future at least, is to be reversed and flow abroad from America. From many quarters comes evidence that an immense number of persons desire to return to Europe. To take one local example, William Stein, a steamship agent of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is quoted as saying that he expects ten to twenty thousand alien inhabitants of that city of one hundred thousand to return to their native countries to live permanently. Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration for the Port of New York, and the Immigration Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, after careful investigation both declare that there is to be an extensive reflux of immigrants. The steamship companies report that during the last four years 1,500,000 requests for passage to Europe at the close of the war have been received. Officials of the companies and of the immigration service are said to estimate the probable number of those desiring to return at more than two and one-half million. Men want to see their relatives (or at least to learn of their fate), to attend to the settlement of inheritances (and we must remember that our immigrants are mostly from families of small land owners), to help build up their countries under the new conditions of freedom that are hoped for, and it may be to take advantage of the scarcity of workers in countries stripped of labor by the war.

IT is reported that a priest of Braddock, Pennsylvania, has induced a number of Catholic priests, mostly of Polish or other Slavic nationalities, in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, to unite in an effort to stem the movement. They are reported to have had an interview with Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor and with immigration officials, discussing such matters as the steadying of employment, the development of industrial schools, the provision of more wholesome pleasures, and an appeal to immigrants to consider it a matter of duty and honor to stay in the country for at least three years "to win the war after the war." To the same end of keeping men in the country, the Union Pacific Railway is offering farms at low prices to properly qualified foreign residents. Along with these measures we have the bill introduced by Representative Lufkin of Massachusetts to suspend immigration for two years, and the proposal of Representative Luther W. Mott of New York to deport all enemy aliens now interned here. It may happen, as Commissioner Howe believes that it will, that the war-smitten countries of Europe will not permit the emigration of their own depleted labor forces. We do not yet know, of course, how far it will be possible to effect the transition from war work to peace work without creating unemployment, but so far as the indications go the prospect appears to be good for an American labor market in which workers will be in demand, and for a period during which America can do something to catch up with social problems which were already urgent before attention was diverted from them to the single task of the war.

THE labor unions are apparently beginning a definite campaign to oust women from war-time positions, and the Government, through the Labor Department and the War Labor Board, appears to be concurring. The secretary of the American Federation of Labor talks of the "problem of disposing of women in overalls and in uniform." "Women's place is not on the street car," says W. D. Mahon,

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national president of the Carmen's Union. "Women mechanics will have to leave the Shipping Board," an official of that organization is reported to have said. One concrete result of all this is a decision by the War Labor Board, following a strike of the men on the Cleveland street cars, that women must not be employed on the cars after March 1. The men maintain that the company employs women merely to break up the union; at the same time they refuse the women membership in their organization. The Detroit Carmen's Union also is denying cards to women. On the railways, on the other hand, where no rivalry has as yet been apparent, women have the right of complaint through shop committees, and they have been admitted to unions of carmen and shop workers. In none of these instances is there any question of under-bidding; equal pay for equal work was granted. Without doubt, the variety of possible employment for women workers has increased; but it is the general opinion that, taking into account the normal increase in the number of women in industry, not more than five per cent. of those at present employed have been attracted into the labor market through the high wages of war-time. Women always have worked; they must continue to do so. It would seem the better part of valor if the men ceased to force them out of the new occupations into an already crowded market, in order further to cut wages. By mutual assistance, reasonable adjustment might be accomplished. The National Woman's Trade Union League will back the Cleveland women conductors, and Senator Sherman has denounced the War Labor Board's decision in the Senate. Women have made noticeable headway in enforcing their demand for equal pay for equal work; it may now become necessary for them to fight simply for the right to work.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, on September 20, 1917, at a meeting of the Non-Partisan League at St. Paul, made a speech on account of which charges of disloyalty were preferred against him in the Senate. On December 2, 1918, after Mr. La Follette himself had demanded but failed to secure a thorough investigation, after he had been put to large expense in preparing his case, after the Associated Press had acknowledged a mistake in its report of his speech, and after the country had grown disgusted with the dilatory tactics of a committee that seemed to fear to advance while it lacked the moral courage to retreat, Senator Dillingham of Vermont, acting for the majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, submitted a report advising the dismissal of the charges. "Having considered the entire case as presented," the report reads, "the committee recommend that the petition preferred by the Minnesota commission of public safety be dismissed for the reason that the speech in question does not justify any action by the Senate." In a news item a few inches long is told the collapse of accusations which when made were carried in scareheads and long columns. This long-delayed vindication of Senator La Follette offers poor amends for the grave injustice done him by widespread newspaper charges of disloyalty based on an incorrect report of his address. After the bitter denunciation which he has endured during the past year and a half, it is an odd turn of the political wheel that enables him, because of an almost equal party division in the Senate, to hold a position of strategic importance. Thus does time once again bring in his revenges.

IN the field of the civil service the last month was memorable. Not only did Mr. Whitman lose the Governorship of New York largely on this issue, but the merit system scored a victory by popular vote in both Baltimore and Colorado. The close of a war means, however, an increase in the pressure to make the civil service a cheap way of paying the debt to our soldiers and sailors, though such a mode of reward is in reality cheap only in a most misleading sense. Commissioner Drennan, of the New York Municipal Civil Service Commission, bases his proposal for veteran preference, made public on December 12, on the alleged value for civilian employment of military and naval experience. He invokes the same specious justification for a similar preference for old residents over non-residents or newcomers. The third part of Mr. Drennan's plan contemplates, furthermore, a rating of applicants on the ground of character and reputation—this to include such factors, on the positive side, as membership on a local school board or "a child-welfare board or similar body," and, on the negative side, police records, bad local reputation, and "employer-employee records." All this opens vast possibilities of manipulation. Where specific types of skill or experience have been acquired in the army or navy, there is every reason why they should be given due weight, but this consideration has no relation to a blanket preference in the rating of soldiers and sailors as such. If they are to be preferred, let us do it frankly and with our eyes open, not by subterfuge. The veterans' associations which have been formed in Canada will doubtless be paralleled here, and, though all precedent, in this country at all events, is a solemn warning of the danger, political, economic, and social, involved in such associations, yet it is to be hoped that the admirable record of unselfish patriotism that has been established by our army abroad, of which all America is proud, will be followed by a no less brilliant record of service in domestic affairs.

ATLANTA, Georgia, has completed arrangements for importing the Metropolitan Opera Company for a week of performances next spring. The project required a guarantee of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, which seems to have been forthcoming without trouble. We understand, however, that the Atlanta opera week has always been a financial success, so there is no doubt a correspondingly strong expectation that it will pay its way this year, in spite of the increased cost of the venture—and in railway fares alone it costs $12,000 more than heretofore. Atlanta's enterprise in securing the Metropolitan Company for this, its eighth season, is highly commendable, and its record of making ends meet without cost to the guarantors still more commendable. It would be interesting, however, to know authoritatively the reaction of what may without disparagement be called a show season upon local music. We are pretty well convinced that the strength of musical interest and the quality of taste depend almost wholly on the degree of local development. While we are happy to say all the good things that can be said for Atlanta's week of imported artistry, we should be much better pleased to hear that Atlanta had contributed a hundred thousand dollars towards establishing a strictly local opera, all its own, with its own local musicians and its own house. That would be setting a precedent really to be proud of; for, after all, any city that had the money could probably get a Metropolitan engagement, if there were enough off-season weeks to go around.

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The Coming of Christ

AND now at last, after long estrangement, the Oversoul comes back. Again we are reminded that, whether we will or no, we are governed by the august law of moral action and reaction that prevails invariably in the universe. Our preoccupations of the past year have been our own; we have chosen them and made ourselves their apologists. Now they are released to make their way into history, to be measured and judged by standards far different from those we have applied to them. Hitherto we have accepted for them the standard of the statesman, the publicist, the nationalist politician. Now they have passed on for final review at the judgment-seat of Jesus of Nazareth.

These terms sound antiquated and theological, but they are deliberately chosen because they describe the fact. Our great adventure of the past year, its outcome, our motives and methods and expectations, must finally, beyond even the "verdict of history" which is the last hope of the statesman-politician be submitted to the verdict of Jesus and meet the measure of his gospel. The certainty of this conviction is not due to any leanings toward obscurantism or any superstitions about the qualities with which various theologies have invested his person. On the contrary, it is a certainty which sheer atheism, if such a persuasion really exists, might not escape. It has neither less nor more theological bearing than the certainty that fundamental problems in physics must finally be submitted to the authority of Newton. The collective experience of the race has shown that the physical order of the universe is as Newton said it was. His guidance is trustworthy. Those who accept it go right, and those who refuse it go wrong, and sooner or later come to grief. Collective experience has shown, too, that the moral order of the universe is as Jesus said, and that the way to keep safely and successfully in with it is the way he indicated.

Hence on Christmas Day, we regard our achievements in a new spirit and from another point of view. Have we won the war? In so far as we have condescended to fight it with the enemy's weapons and in the enemy's spirit, we have not. We have won the battles, true, but he has won the war. In so far as he has succeeded in investing us with the spirit of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he has conquered us and made us his own. Have we been patriotic? In so far as we have ministered to a narrow nationalism, what can we say? The emblem of our nationalism has been draped in our very churches which are dedicated to the God "who has made of one blood all nations of men and sent his son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh." Have we maintained the ideal of human brotherhood and divine paternity, looking towards the establishment of God's will on earth, as it is in heaven? It is not easy to see that we have. Reflections like these crowd this particular anniversary and give it an unprecedented weight of seriousness. Nothing is clearer than the absolute incompatibility of so much of our collective public business with the purpose indicated by the presence of Jesus on earth.

That purpose is manifest. Through all the sophistications of theology and all the quarrels of ecclesiasticism, it may be made out beyond peradventure. Erasmus says:

> Jesus Christ came into the world to form unto himself a people that should wholly depend upon God, and, placing no confidence in any earthly support and comfort, should be after another manner rich, after another manner wise, after another manner noble, after another manner potent; in one word, after another manner happy; designing to attain felicity by contempt of those things which are generally admired.
>
> A people that should be strangers to filthy lusts, by studying in this flesh the life of angels . . . that should be wholly ignorant of oaths, as those who will neither distrust nor deceive anybody; that make not the getting of money their business, as having laid up their treasure in heaven; that should not be transported with vain-glory, because they refer all to the glory of Christ alone; void of ambition, as disposed, the greater they are, so much the more to submit themselves unto all men for Christ's sake; that should avoid wrath, much more revenge, as studying to deserve well of those who deserve ill of them; that should be so blameless as to force infidels to speak well of them; that should be born again to the purity and simplicity of infants; that should live like the birds of the air, without solicitude . . . fearing neither death, tyranny, nor the devil, as relying on the invincible power of Christ alone.

This was the picture of human society projected by Jesus, and it has had an immense power of attraction upon the ages since. Mankind can be permanently satisfied with nothing less. To realize it, Jesus gave an extremely simple method. The Sermon on the Mount, with its method of inwardness and pure individualism, is so simple that no one can fail to understand it. Its practical discipline is so difficult, however, that men have sought avoidance by discrediting its simplicity. Yet, in spite of all, this discipline has made its way because men found that it could be applied to the circumstances of life in this present world, and that wherever it was applied, it was saving.

Observers report from all over the world the curious quickening of the Messianic expectation. In Russia, in the Central Empires, in Britain and Italy and the Danube states, they hear the whisper, *Christ is coming*. And, indeed, Jesus may to-day be coming out of the heart of the peoples to express his preliminary of a social order in which it will be possible for a man to be as good as he wants to be and knows he should be; and when this is done, his kingdom will be far on its way. The best possible use of this Christmas season is to make sure that we can abide the day of his coming; and there are those who can help us to this rather better than the more fashionable prophets of the newer order, as they are styled. The New Testament, the Imitation, the Cambridge Platonists, the religious essays of Count Tolstoi—*felix ille*, as Erasmus said of the Bible, *felix ille quem in hisce litteris meditantem mors occupat*—and others in the slender list of those who are usually disparaged under the name of "mystical writers," can give us what we need. They are called impractical, but the times testify impressively that they are the most practical of all men that ever lived. William Law says in a passage of extraordinary grandeur:

> They are deeply learned in the mysteries of the Kingdom of God, not through the use of lexicons or meditating upon critics, but because they have passed from death unto life. They highly reverence and excellently direct the true use of everything that is outward in religion; but like the Psalmist's King's daughter, they are all glorious within. They are truly sons of thunder and sons of consolation; they break open the whited sepulchres; they awaken the heart and show its filth and rottenness of death; but they leave it not till the kingdom of heaven is raised up within it. If a man has no desire but to be of the spirit of the gospel, to obtain all that renovation of life and spirit which alone can make him to be in Christ a new creature, it is a great unhappiness to him to be unacquainted with these writers, or to pass a day without reading something of what they wrote.

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Getting Together on Russia

SENATOR JOHNSON'S outspoken demand for information regarding the Administration's Russian policy comes at a favorable moment. There are many signs that American public opinion is becoming a good deal concerned over the whole Russian imbroglio, and that it is ill-disposed to be put off much longer with silence, or evasion, or half-truths. To be sure, the press dispatches about Russia continue to be as fragmentary as ever, and the partisans of the Kerensky régime, or of any régime at all save the present one, go on denouncing the Bolsheviki and clamoring for military action. The American public has long since ceased to believe, however, that any of the great news agencies is telling the whole truth about Russia, and it is rapidly taking the measure of the special pleaders who talk the language of intervention and force. Meantime, the texts of a good many important Russian documents are being published, and the number of enlightening books and magazine articles by writers who know Russia from within is steadily increasing. The light is breaking, be it never so dimly. When, accordingly, Senator Johnson demands the reasons for the maintenance of American troops in a country which has done us no wrong and against which we have not declared war, and asks a long list of "Is it true?" questions about our diplomatic dealings with Russia, he speaks to a public which is eager and anxious to hear.

The reëstablishment of friendly relations between two countries which have been estranged, however, is a mutual affair. There are misconceptions to be cleared away, misunderstandings to be set right, extreme or irritating statements to be explained or forgotten. What the United States needs to do in the case of Russia is clear enough. It must abandon, once and for all, its thoroughly vicious policy of secrecy and tacit misrepresentation. It must open the cables and the mails and allow the whole truth about Russia to be known. It must wash its hands of connection with any enterprise, public or private, which plans the coercion of the Russian people or the exploitation of Russian resources. What is more, it must make up its mind to "do business," politically speaking, with a Government which not only is differently constituted from our own, but some of whose fundamental conceptions, also, of how social well-being may best be secured are widely at variance with those generally accepted here. All this, clearly, the United States will have to do if Russia is ever to regard it as a friend. What, in turn, can Russia do to pave the way to a mutual good understanding?

There is no denying that Russia, if it really desires the friendship and help of the United States, will have to make some explanations and give some convincing assurances. The course of Russian history since the revolution, little as we know the story in detail, has undoubtedly been such as to create, by manner as well as by matter, an unfavorable prejudice in many American minds. The phraseology of certain official documents, for example, with their bitter denunciations of capitalism, their flamboyant appeals to the proletariat of the world, and their apparent justification of violence, is anything but pleasant reading. Russian diplomatic language has often been, frankly, rude and irritating. Possibly the rudeness and violence are only on the surface—the angry outbursts of a people who are indignant at the outrageous treatment which they have received, and who, in addition, are almost as ignorant of us as we are of them; but, thus far, no one authorized to speak has come forward with an explanation. There is a widespread fear, too, that the Soviet Government, if it succeeds in maintaining itself, will repudiate the old Russian debt; and America does not easily have confidence in a Government which repudiates its debts. Again, the wide circulation in the American press of what purports to be a decree of the Soviet Government providing for the nationalization of women has probably done as much as any other one thing to offend the moral sensitiveness of the American people; and while the authenticity of the alleged decree has not been established, the decree itself has not, so far as we know, been officially repudiated.

These are some of the weightier obstacles in the way of a good understanding between Russia and the United States. So long as they continue to cumber the ground, the two countries are not likely to get together. The obligation to remove them rests, as we have said, upon both of the Governments involved; it is idle for one party to talk if the other will not listen. So far as openness of mind in this country toward Russia is concerned, that, we think, is likely to be furthered very much if Senator Johnson persists in his demand for information. The case of Russia, on the other hand, would unquestionably be greatly helped if the Soviet Government were to accredit a suitable representative to Washington. Mr. Bakhmeteff, who for some unknown reason continues to be accorded diplomatic recognition by the Administration, is not a legal representative of the Soviet Government, and has neither legal nor moral right to speak for Russia or its people. Neither he nor any of the agents and puppets whom he controls should for a moment be accepted as a Russian spokesman. What is needed is an accredited intermediary between Russia and the United States—a sort of Russian Colonel House, perhaps—charged, not with formal diplomatic responsibilities, but with the friendly task, on the one hand, of telling the American Government and the American people what the Soviet Government is like and what it wants, and, on the other, of making known in Russia the real feeling of America regarding that distressed country.

Such an informal spokesman—a Russian, of course, of high standing at home, well and favorably known in American business or professional circles, and acquainted with American conditions—could render an inestimable service at the present juncture. He could illustrate in his own person the kind of intelligent and cultivated men who are supporting the Soviet Government. He could tell us exactly what has been done in Russia, and why. He could help us to read between the lines of certain Russian official utterances, and to distinguish form from substance. He could tell us whether or not the Russian debt is to be paid, and, if it is, whether American advice and assistance in solving the problem would be welcome. He could tell us whether Russian women have been made by law the common property of Russian men, or whether the scandalous story is only another horrid lie. Doubtless the State Department would at first hesitate to receive him, and the Department of Justice would probably surround him with unwelcome attentions. He would certainly have as difficult a task as was ever committed to a diplomatist, but if he had constructive truth to tell and dignity and simplicity in telling it, a long step would have been taken towards bringing the two nations together.

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The Spirit of American Labor

DURING the war the American Federation of Labor and the other "good" unions of the country managed to build up an extremely useful reputation for conservatism, sobriety, and solid patriotism. Their agents went abroad, pledged, as was officially announced, to "oppose the radicals under Arthur Henderson and the Socialists desiring immediate peace." Samuel Gompers became a great popular hero—of the New York *Times*. In spite of occasional strikes and rumors of strikes it was generally held that labor had "turned good." Now the war is over. From all parts of the United States come reports of unrest, of labor bitterness, of an uncompromising determination to cling to war standards in the face of economic change and the collapse of war activities. Labor, it appears, is tired of being good. As a matter of fact virtue is no longer profitable. The National War Labor Board, which during the war solidly backed the fundamental demands of American labor, was left, by the signing of the armistice and the consequent cancellation of Government contracts, helpless and inadequate. Large employers have already given notice that they intend hereafter to deal with their own labor problems in their own way. As the protecting hand of the Government is shoved aside, the value of virtue on the part of labor obviously becomes less marked.

Other complications appear from day to day. According to reports received from every industrial section in the State by the Federal Employment Service of New York, the previously acute shortage of labor has within the last two weeks vanished and given place to a considerable surplus. A similar condition is reported in other parts of the country. The cancellation of wooden ship building and airplane contracts has thrown thousands of men out of work in factories and shipyards, and the lumber regions of the Northwest. In a telegram to Secretary of Labor Wilson the Portland Chamber of Commerce predicted that the cancellation of Government contracts might "easily spell anarchy for the Pacific coast," and "throughout the country."

Employment experts insist that the surplus of labor is only temporary, and will be readily absorbed by the reorganization of industry on a peace basis. But experts also admit that the change from war to peace industries seems likely to proceed slowly. High costs and an uncertain market are causing employers to hold back. With ships from Europe bringing home thousands of men every week, and with demobilization from the training camps proceeding at the rate of 15,000 a day; with winter upon us and no farm work or work on public improvements available; with no system in readiness for the absorption into civil life of these thousands—labor may reasonably feel grim.

Already signs have appeared of a changed spirit in the ranks of the organized workers. Samuel Gompers recently said, in plain-spoken response to the threat of lower wages made by William H. Barr of the National Founders' Association: "What the devil does Mr. Barr and his type think we have made all these sacrifices in the war for? . . . . The time is gone by when the working people of America can again be put in the shackles. . . . . Oppressed labor where the flag of the United States flies is abolished, and we are not going to permit any coterie of men to barter away the freedom we have gained after so many years. . . . . I say with full knowledge of the responsibility which my words carry that the working people of the United States will resist and make any sacrifice which may be necessary to prevent the industrial barons riding on horseback over the masses of the people." Another authoritative warning has come from Frank P. Walsh, recently joint chairman of the War Labor Board. "If those who talk glibly of getting back to normal wages," said Mr. Walsh, "will but face the cold facts, they will understand that they are advocating a policy as inhuman, as atrocious, as destructive of human freedom as any of the crimes committed by the Imperial German Government. Even their own enlightened self-interest should show them the criminal folly of a policy which if carried out would ultimately plunge this nation into social chaos." Even more outspoken are the warnings from the lower ranks of labor. An officer of the Machinists' Union is reported to have said recently to an investigating journalist, "You ask what's the answer to these conditions?—Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils!" Union papers are beginning to echo the same note. The spontaneous rise of labor parties in various industrial centers indicates a growing sense of labor's power and labor's need. Everywhere in different words and through different agencies organized labor is crying, "The war is dead! Long live the war!"

The tendency on the part of some important employers to face honestly the whole situation and to deal with labor in an intelligent and friendly spirit deserves recognition and encouragement. Organized labor in the United States has never assumed a position of theoretical dogmatism. Its manifestos leave the foundations of society intact. It is practical, opportunist, "on the make." But revolutions are not made by principles and dogmas. The spirit of unrest in the United States is no less to be reckoned with because it arises from the deep source of resentment and fear and injured self-interest rather than from any political theory.

The Railways' Choice

DIRECTOR-GENERAL McADOO'S letter suggesting that the period of government control over railways in its present form be extended from twenty-one months to five years after the peace has recalled public attention sharply to the important question of permanent policy that we are facing. The President's lamentable failure to make any recommendation does not release the Congress from its obligation to take prompt but considered action, though the situation is by no means wholly favorable to the making of a wise decision. The railway executives, at their meeting in Philadelphia last week, recorded their opposition to Mr. McAdoo's proposal, voicing undoubtedly a large and important body of opinion throughout the country favorable to an early return of the railways to their former owners. At the same time the ordinary man, annoyed by the high rates and fares and other manifold inconveniences of war-time, is inclined to welcome any arrangement which promises to bring back the good old days, forgetting their evils.

Under these conditions, our law-makers must envisage their problem clearly. They must see first that the question is at bottom one of public utility rather than of private property. The Government has thus far dealt fairly and generously with the important private interests concerned, and this attitude should and doubtless will be maintained. Our primary duty is not, however, to return certain property to its owners, but to get the best transportation system

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we can for a rapidly growing nation of a hundred million people. All private claims must be judged equitably, but incidentally to this major obligation. From this point of view it is incumbent on those who would return the roads to put forward a definite plan that promises satisfactory results to the public; the old system admittedly broke down.

In order to get railways built, we naturally enough when land was cheap gave to the companies choice rights of way, terminal locations, and other land grants. With the growth of population and business, these privileges became very valuable, and under the old system their further increase in value must continue to accrue to private owners and not to the public purse. The valuation controversy derives its importance in no small degree from this fact.

Of more immediate popular interest is the question of rates and service. Private companies almost necessarily make rates on the principle of maximum profits. This principle has not necessarily meant high rates or poor service, but it has throughout our whole history meant discrimination between communities, industries, and individual business concerns. It has meant the struggle of country against city, of farmer against elevator owner and packer, of independent refiner against Standard Oil Company. The whole history of railway regulation in this country is the history of an attempt to prevent the abuses of discrimination and financial mismanagement under private ownership. With increasing experience, we made regulation increasingly strict; for we discovered that without strict control the abuses of private management were intolerable. But now the owners declare that regulation as practiced in the years just before the war was intolerable to them and was responsible for the check in the growth of railway facilities.

We have seen suggestions that the Government return the roads, subject only to such regulation as shall prevent undue competition and financial irregularities and furnish satisfactory guarantees for investors—in other words, such regulation as shall turn the railways into reliable profit-making machines. Thoughtful advocates of private operation cannot urge any such policy; for the history of the past fifty years indicates clearly that if put into effect it would be overthrown without delay. The American people would not tolerate a return to the abuses of uncontrolled private operation. If the plan of regulation that was in process of working out by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State commissions, accordingly, is unacceptable to railway owners, then the sole chance of avoiding government ownership would appear to be the presentation of some alternative plan of regulation which will make possible the continuous, systematic, and coördinated development of railway and other transportation facilities in the interest of public service, and not simply in the interest of private profit; which will guarantee equality of rates and service as between communities, industries, and individuals; which will make it certain that private initiative in railway administration shall serve the public rather than prey upon it; which will insure the making of rates on the principle of maximum public service rather than of maximum private profit; and which in general will proceed on the theory that a railway is a public utility affected with a private interest rather than a simple piece of private property. So far as we have followed current discussion, the outline of any such plan has been conspicuous chiefly by its absence. Failing it, criticism of present conditions becomes a mere kicking against the pricks, and will avail nothing.

The Jonnycake Papers

WHAT treasures of literary invention are in this book, what naïve wit and charm of style, what inexhaustible resources of narrative! The story of the Quaker Almy, of the hanging of Mount, of Sally Brown's courtship; the recipes and dissertations on Rhode Island food and cookery; the characters of Abe and Phillis, the sharp photographic studies of the local gentry—they are inimitable. Above all, how wholly is it in the best traditions of Rhode Island, where the principle of personal liberty and the right of individual opinion were vindicated and established two hundred years ahead of the rest of the world. The South County of the old time bred a sturdy independence, a sense of natural justice, a hatred of sham and sanctimony, that in these degenerate days is almost inconceivable. For example, amid all the diluvial humbug about self-determination and the rights of small nations, how refreshing, how salutary it is to read an *obiter dictum* that the Great Swamp Fight of 1675

> was instigated against the rightful owners of the soil, solely by the cussed godly Puritans of Massachusetts and their hell-hound allies the Presbyterians of Connecticut; whom, though charity is my specialty, I can never think of without feeling, as all Rhode Islanders should, somewhat as Judge Potter has recently expressed himself in the *Journal*, and as old Miss Hazard did when in like vein she thanked God in the Conanicut prayer-meeting that she could hold malice forty years.

This is the spirit which should be marching on Versailles at the present moment, a hundred million strong.

Or, again, imagine the sheer delight of going through page after page of narrative like this:

> My father sent for Dr. Sangrado, who lived in the two-story house still standing at Curtis' Corner. . . . The excessive mortality among Sangrado's patients was the real cause of his acquiring such renown in the art of healing, as about one in ten of his patients wholly or partially recovered, which of course was credited by an ignorant community to the skill of Sangrado, who attributed the death of the other nine to the virulence of the mortal malady; whereas the truth was, as was in later years fully exemplified, the nine were actually slowly tortured to death by the physician, whilst the tenth got well in spite of his death-dealing practices. This Curtis' Corner Sangrado was undoubtedly the rider on the pale horse referred to in the Apocalypse, who went about with his lancet and saddle-bags stuffed with mercury, jalap, Dover's powder, opium, and other abominations, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed after him.

The "Jonnycake Papers" were written in the seventies by Thomas Robinson Hazard of Narragansett and Newport, at the age of eighty-one. They were scribbled off *dare dare* and printed in a newspaper. In 1915 they were republished by subscription, in an *edition de luxe*, comprising but a few copies, carefully copyrighted and practically unobtainable. We give this book editorial mention in the hope that some way will be found to soften the hearts of those who hold the copyright with a view to making the "Jonnycake Papers" accessible to a public from whom they are now withheld by what seems to be a lapse from the democratic traditions of the South County. Our native literature is scant and poor enough at best, and it is a pity that it should be judged without knowledge of the best it can do; and a still greater pity for us to be kept from that knowledge by the device of a limited edition and a prohibitive price.

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The Rumor in Russia

By CHRISTIAN

RUSSIA is alive with it. There is where I heard it first, this new, old, good tidings of great joy. The mighty mobs of the meek of Petrograd were passing it along like a lighted candle through the darkness of the dawn of their revolution.

"The great, white Christ is coming," they whispered. And they whispered lest Herod should hear: the Czar or their own lesser leaders, the small Messiahs, who would not believe and might mock them, denying the resurrection of their ancient faith and putting their new-born hope to death.

For this saying was no new saying to them of the mob. They were recalling the hoary prophecy Tolstoi heard and reported: that He was coming out of the North. But they believed it, those simple peasants, soldiers, sailors, and working men and women; verily. They accepted literally the word they were handing on, like a tiny light, along the trenches, across the battle lines, into the cities, towns, villages, and back again out over Siberia and all the Russias, whence it came, this burning word. And there was light in the Word; in the mere word. The lowly Russians believed, and they believe, that they are making ready a perfect people, prepared for the coming of the Lord.

That's why there was so little killing, looting, burning, in Petrograd, Moscow, Vladivostok—wherever and so long as the mob reigned supreme. That is the light. "We, the people, must not do to others any of the things that have been done to us." That's what they said to one another. I heard them. That was the light I saw in the darkness; and others also saw it; as it was written. That is the light which shineth in the darkness. And the darkness saw the light, as of old. And, as of old, the darkness comprehended it not.

"How came it," said one,* marvelling, "why was it that with no Government and no police there was order in Russia?" It was because the Russian multitudes believed, and they believe, that Christ will surely come again; and soon; but not until the people and the paths have been prepared for Him, and His way made straight. "Else would He be crucified again," they say, "and His teachings in vain." First, John; then, Jesus. First, the Kingdom; then, the King. First, the people shall set up an order in which Christianity will be practicable; then, and not till then, will the Christ come.

In a line: one burning, enlightening line: "The Millennium first; then the Messiah." Thus the Russian prophecy. Hence the Russian revolution. The revolution in Russia is to establish the Kingdom of Heaven here on the earth, now; in order that Christ may come soon; and, coming, reign forever. Forever and ever, everywhere. Not over Russia alone. The revolution in Russia is not the Russian revolution. It is "The Revolution."

The Revolution in Russia is the break, in the North, of that better day which has been predicted so often by all the prophets and looked for so long by all the children of men; all: the day of the redemption of His people: "When the proud were to be scattered, the princes put down from thrones, and those of low degree exalted; when the hungry were to be filled and the rich were to be sent away empty."

These are the signs of that dayspring from on high, which shall visit us, to shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace. This is the Great Expectation. This is the promise, the hope, the faith read and preached and chanted throughout the Christian world, and among the heathen also. It is believed in Russia.

All witnesses testify—some in scorn, others in pity, a few in awe—that under the yoke of the generations of their servitude, the Russian people became as little children. They were whipped, as children are whipped; worked, as children are worked, beyond their strength and beyond their understanding. They were untaught, mistaught, misled; they were lied to, as children are lied to. And they believed, as children believe, lies and truth together. For they were kept in the dark, and they were afraid of the dark. They were kept quiet, and in order that they might be quiet, they were kept drunk and stupid. But they could not be still, as children can't, so they groped about in the dark. Seeking, ever seeking, they groped blindly through the night for the light of a word, as children grope, restless, in terror of the darkness which was about them and within them. For generations, remember.

One whole life-time after another whole life-time of the childhood of their race, the Russian people spent dreadfully on dull watch, peering and listening into the stupid stillness of their frozen Northern night. And seeing nothing with their eyes, they dreamed visions in the imagination of their hearts. And they heard sounds.

The Russian people heard voices. Like children, they heard many voices speaking to them out of the distance in the darkness. And they were afraid. For of all the voices which they heard calling into their darkness to them, there were but two that spoke for them; according to their needs; in their interest. Do you comprehend that? Only two of all the many strange cries which broke the solid silence of the centuries of their darkness—only two said to those children of light that there was light; that there was hope ahead, in the darkness of despair, for them.

They hearkened to those two voices. They had to listen to those two voices, and they had to heed them and believe them. For children must hope. And since the children of Russia hoped most for light, they heard and they believed what those two voices said which told them there was light. And, verily, there was light. There was light in the darkness which comprehended not the light which was in it.

For one of the two voices which the children of Russia heard was that of the priest preaching in the church: that the Christ who had come once and died for their sake would come again, and live for, and love, and lead them out of the darkness into the Kingdom of Heaven—if they were good and did what His Holy Church bade them do. And they were good. They were good as children are good; not knowing it, but believing they were evil. The conviction of sin is in every Russian heart, so that they judge not, neither do they kill nor take vengeance; for vengeance is the Lord's. "We, the people, must not do to others any of the things which have been done to us."

*Hon. Elihu Root, chairman of the American Commission to Russia, in an address to the American Bar Association.

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Aye, the children of Russia were good. For they believed the good priest, his every word, even as he himself, chanting it ritually, may not have believed it; they believed and they obeyed, suffering and waiting, as little children wait and suffer and obey: the very word: fit, therefore, to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, which is really and truly to come; which is really and truly to come. The other voice also said so.

Now this other voice that they heard was of one crying in the wilderness: the propagandist of the revolution. He appeared, not openly in the churches, but came, as the priest said it was written that He came before: like a thief in the night, stealthily. This messenger wore rough raiment, ate coarse food, and cast words hard as stones at the righteous: priests and princes; Pharisees and Sadducees; bad masters and good masters also, calling them all alike the offspring of vipers, and warning them to flee from the wrath to come; since the axe was to be laid at the very root of every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit.

There was discord. The second voice clashed with the first voice. For wrath is not love, curses are not grace, stones are not bread. And the people were troubled in their minds. But they hearkened again, yet again, with their hearts, and they heard that it was even so when the Christ came before. They heard the good priest say that there came "first a man for a messenger before his face"; that "the same was not the light, but came to bear witness of the light; and that the priests and the Princes, the Pharisees and Herod, denounced Him as He denounced them; they cast Him into prison and put Him to death.

These things the priest himself said in the church to these children who heard and saw all things as children do: simply. And having eyes to see and ears to hear, they saw and they heard that the propagandist of the Revolution did and spoke and he suffered those very things. He came saying he was not the light, but only the messenger of the light, which was in them. And, verily, the priests and the Pharisees, their masters, denounced him and he them; and they cast him into prison and killed him, as they had John.

But they heard also that the messenger of the Revolution proclaimed the Kingdom of Heaven; that it was at hand; that it was within them; for he preached, as John did of old, that they, the people, must prepare for it, confess their own faults, clear away the obstacles and bring it themselves to pass: the Kingdom. This was the peoples' part: the Revolution. "Make ye ready the way," he said. "Make the paths straight. Every valley shall be filled; every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth."

It was hard for the dark, untutored, drunken Russian mujik, kept dark and kept drunk, to hold apart the discordant notes of the two voices he heard battling for his soul in the silence of his fearful, weary stupor. It was impossible. He could not hold them apart. His need was for them both, so he took them both, as children do: he seized what he needed of those two songs and he joined them very simply together into one song. He chose from each the notes of beauty that were in them for him and he sang them into a chord of perfect harmony. And this was the song that he sang: "Christ is coming, as the priest says. And as the revolutionist says, Heaven is coming also; and first. But neither will come until there are wars and the rumors of wars, and we, the people, have raised up the Revolution which is to prepare His way." So it came to pass that "the Revolution" was the word which for generations, one lifetime after another, shone like a light in the darkness of the sodden Russian soul which comprehended it not wholly, but believed in it; verily.

When, then, the great war broke, a deluge, upon the Russian children and swept them, twenty-four millions, suddenly, blindly, drunk into the marches to be betrayed there and killed by the millions, and by millions more to suffer in the dark, cold, bloody, stinking trenches, fighting some other peasants they did not hate; for a purpose they could not comprehend; and, when standing there, without food and without arms and without leaders, the Czar forbade them drink also—they understood. For the first time in the life-time of their race, they, all together, looked up, sober and simple, like grown-up children, out upon the world and its works and its ways and its war, and they understood. The Russian people understood, as children understand. And they remembered.

This was the beginning. Christ was coming, and the Kingdom. The prophecy was proving true. The war had come. "The Revolution" was due. And, verily, the Revolution came. And when it came, a wondrous thing happened. When the word came down out of Petrograd that the Czar was put down from his throne; that the proud were scattered, and the people exalted, the Russian soldiers, sailors, workingmen and peasants—the Russian children turned and called the good tidings across the trenches to the German peasants, saying: "The Revolution is come," meaning that it was come for the Germans also.

The world marvelled and was wroth, not comprehending; not apprehending that this was the first good news that the Russian race had ever heard; that this was the first good thing that had ever happened that was good for them; that this was the good tidings which was to bring in the golden rule of love for all the children of God; the Christ and His Kingdom of Heaven on earth; which they desired; and that they held to the belief, the Russians, that the day which was dawning was not for them only, but for the Gentiles also; even the Germans. The Revolution was for all the people of low degree in all the world. And the Germans believed this, too, the lowly German people. For they also were in great need, and they were in the great expectation taught them likewise by their priests and their propagandists, even as the Russians were taught; and all peoples.

The firing ceased. For awhile there was no fighting on the Eastern front, as it had happened once on the Christ's day in the West. Hate passed; there was peace on earth, good will among men for a little while. Not for long. No. "A voice was heard in Ramah, weeping and great mourning, Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

The Russians understood. This was not the light, this peace of the peoples; this was only a messenger to bear witness to the light: a sign to show that such things can be. The peace of the peoples was a sign to show that peace and love can be on earth when the peoples have prepared the way for these good things.

So the Russian people explained to one another, simply. Not all the people had been perfected; not all the preparations had been made; the crooked ways had not all been straightened; His way had been smoothed. So say the Russians, believing it. Such is the report among them, which they accept, and pass on to all the peoples of the earth, excepting only the righteous.

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War and Civil War*

By GEORG BRANDES

THE only redeeming feature about Bolshevism is its aim for peace; nevertheless, it has created civil war. I, who do not appreciate any radicalism unless it be of the highest or best type, do not in the least believe in the much-advertised blessings of so-called democracy any more than in plutocracy.

I am no admirer of phrases; for that reason I fail to become enthusiastic about your President's message. Humanity needs peace and cannot very well afford to wait till some more millions have been slaughtered. If the people do not obtain peace now, the prediction I made in 1916 will come true. The proletariat will get into such a state of excitement that the social revolution, which has been kept back as long as humanity still retained a grain of common-sense, will break out with the same force as the war. It has already broken out in Russia and in Finland. In other countries also conflagrations will follow on the war, as the Commune in Paris followed in 1871, and that small part of the intellectual aristocracy which the war may have left intact will be finally wiped out.

As to the idea of mutual justice which should be introduced among the nations, who can define this justice? Who has ever seen Lady Justitia? All we know about her is that she is blindfolded and carries a sword and scales. She is in reality *blind*, trying to catch one man or another to find out who he is—but mostly she gets the wrong one. Her scales as a rule are not accurate, and through poor aim her sword mostly hits the wrong party. We ought not to let peace wait for the arrival of this lady.

My opinion, by the way, is this: What is the use of demanding a sensible peace, a justifiable peace? Peace conditions are concrete, involving mutual concessions. They are largely the result of the prevailing desire for a cessation of hostilities, but they are incommensurate with abstract ideas of common-sense and justice. These words are already much too vague and uncertain to be used in dealing with matters that are entirely within the jurisdiction of any sovereign Government. It is impossible to call three years penal servitude a just or sensible penalty for a certain crime. Neither common-sense nor reason shows why it could not as well have been two years.

It is quite as impossible to let justice as an abstract idea settle international disputes, as, for instance, the question of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany wants to retain these provinces, which once were German and belonged to Germany. France demands them back because for two hundred years they belonged to France and were only unwillingly ceded to Germany. In the forty-seven years that have passed since this cession, by emigration of Frenchmen and immigration of Germans, as well as through changed political and economic conditions, the majority of the population has become German or pro-German. What now does abstract justice teach us? Does it lean toward the French, who claim the return of the provinces, or to the Germans, who declare that the population is content with its present fate? In case of a plébiscite, how will justice decide? For the French emigrants and their children, or for the German immigrants who at present populate the provinces? Might and practical considerations will decide the question; with abstract justice or mere common-sense we shall not get far in this instance. We are living in the midst of an epidemic comparable only to the scourging of the flagellants of the Middle Ages, only considerably worse—an epidemic of war competition in which the different Governments are flayed while flaying others.

But this has now been followed by a new scourge. Just as in 1348 the black plague from Asia spread to Europe and gave the flagellants a new impetus, so is the social revolution spreading and breeding pestilence from Russia to Finland, threatening all northern civilization in those countries with destruction. Thereafter it is likely to spread to the whole of Scandinavia, and thence to Italy and other countries already devastated by the present war. Perhaps the riots that have taken place in peaceful but much too easy-going Copenhagen may open the eyes of the Danes to the seriousness of the situation and warn them that this is no time for cabaret fun or tango balls.

If the three northern countries (Sweden, Norway, and Denmark) were not so powerless, and by circumstances compelled to absolute neutrality—nay more, to passivity—which by strong-minded and active men is felt as a shame—then nothing would be more sensible than for those Governments to send their armed youths to Finland to defend valuable human life and priceless northern culture against the murderous mob which has taken possession of Helsingfors and has inaugurated a reign of terror in the whole of the southern part of the country.

Among the many reasons why this cannot be done is especially this one—that the pressure of the world war has borne so heavily on the lower classes in the northern states, as in others, that they have lost their equilibrium and most likely are more in sympathy with the Red than with the White Guard of Finland. Therefore, they might object to armed intervention in Finland as an attempt of the bourgeoisie to render assistance to their own class at the expense of their fellow-workers. Every country possesses one or more noisy cliques, which will not admit that looting and bloodthirsty gangs have no right to be counted among the representatives of the working class and are not entitled to their sympathy and support.

The tremendous strife now raging between the different nations has been superseded in Russia and Finland by just as violent a clash between those who possess property and those who do not. It has opened a chasm between those who work with their brains and those who toil with their hands (and who at present use those hands for plundering and murder). The social chasm is just as wide and dangerous as the war between Germans and Frenchmen or Germans and Englishmen—nay, it is even wider and more dangerous. The war between the countries can, after all,

*This is a translation of an article which appeared in the *Politiken* of Copenhagen on February 17. It was written by Mr. Brandes in reply to a request by a well-known American newspaper correspondent for a statement "regarding your impression of the Russian crisis, the Bolsheviki, and the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. What is your opinion of the peace proposition of President Wilson as put forward in his last message?" Mr. Brandes in forwarding the article to the *Politiken* wrote: "I transmitted an answer (in English) which I would like to have published in Danish as I have some doubt whether the New York ——— will print it or will ever dare to print it." So far as we are aware, the article has never appeared in English. The translation is by Jacob H. Hartvig.

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however remote the prospects may be at present, come to an end merely by the signing of a treaty.

Civil war is fully as dreadful and fully as brutal, but besides being more treacherous, it spreads its conflagration over a greater territory and consequently it is of longer duration. It is not an acute sickness, but a chronic one, and it can hardly be cured without such a transformation of all conditions as would for generations deprive life of its glow and progress of its fruit. When the national hatred settled down in Russia and Finland, the class hatred broke out with still greater violence.

When Russia was delivered from Czarism, and Finland from its foreign yoke, the proletariat in both countries snatched the executioner's idle axe. In Russia under the Czar's régime all prisons were full; now, under Bolshevism, all prisons are overcrowded. During the political despotism in Finland there was at least safety guaranteed by law; purely non-political murders and robberies were unknown, except now and then as criminal offences. Now they are every-day occurrences. The war between the Governments in Europe has been followed by Civil War. While unfortunately common-sense is not contagious, madness is.

Edmond Rostand

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE death of Edmond Rostand, which took place on December 2, will neither eclipse our gayety nor darken our wisdom. But it robs our time of a talent of almost alien brightness and colorfulness, as blithe and as unrelieved in its splendor as those Mediterranean shores by which the poet was born and to which his imagination always returned. For modern literature has tended toward a plainness ever more austere, and even the visions of its poets have taken

> 'a sober coloring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!

Not so the visions of Rostand. He approaches reality neither to imitate nor to interpret it, but makes his escape into the region of the recurrent day-dreams and idealisms of the race. His landscapes, under whatever name, have the glow of a golden age in which the sea never darkens and the sky is always cloudless.

His position in contemporary literature, which must be defined largely in negative terms, is thus already clear. To the naturalistic movement in the drama he was consciously hostile, and in his first work he pleaded for "simple-hearted rest from these bitter plays." From that disengaging and deepening of the inner life which was the aim of the Symbolists he was estranged by both his personal and his racial temperament. The chief symbolist poets, in so far as they were Latins at all, were men of the northern provinces. Verlaine was a native of Metz, Samain of Lille. Rostand's differences from these intimate poets is illustrated by his personal lyrics in "Les Musardises," which, though always harmonious and sometimes dazzling, have an inner hardness and chill. He was a typical man of the *midi*, but the subdued tones of modern life forbade in his own person the eloquent and magnificent gestures which all his heroes have. He could neither sail on Rudel's caravel, nor promise, like Cyrano, to wave his plume in the courts of Heaven.

His very isolation made, of course, for his public triumph. The discoverers of new methods and new moods in art and thought must, quite literally, create the taste by which they are to be appreciated or else gather about them small groups who have transcended the opinions and passions of the contemporary crowd. But the crowd, even the educated crowd, of the middle nineties, felt the naturalistic drama to be severe and gloomy. Of the symbolist drama, represented chiefly by Maeterlinck, it could, far more excusably, make nothing at all. It welcomed the relief of an older romanticism on the stage in Coppée's "Pour La Couronne" and Richepin's "Le Chémineau," and finally acclaimed "Cyrano de Bergerac" with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. The play, as Gustave Lanson cruelly remarks, became the greatest success of the theatre since the "Maître des Forges" and the "Deux Orphelines." But there are gentler and juster ways of saying that Rostand's place is among the *epigoni*, the late comers and followers in literature to whom always belong the day and its applause. The masters, in Landor's proud image, must dine late. . . .

Was Rostand himself conscious of his position? He must, at least, have been aware of a strange discrepancy in his own career. The impression given by each of his plays is one of boundless poetic wealth and fecundity. There seems no limit or possibility of exhaustion to this eloquence and splendor and music. Yet after "Cyrano" his productivity lagged. Ten years divide "Chantecler" from "L'Aiglon" and eight more years had now passed in silence. Not for him the innumerable plays of Lope de Vega or the thirty-seven of Shakespeare, or even the nine (all written within thirteen years) of his immediate master, Victor Hugo. The chill of his own isolation in the literature of his time must have crept over him more and more; he might have been imprisoned by it in a tormenting silence; he may have been happier than any one can tell in the seasonableness of his death.

The tradition to which Rostand allied himself was that of the romantics; the theatre which he sought to revive and to continue was that of eighteen hundred and thirty. His kinship with some of the romantic playwrights is, of course, slight. There was nothing in him of the raw and monotonous force of Dumas *père* and very little of the sweetness and melancholy of Musset, whose plays are as lyrical and as subjective as those of Hofmannsthal. Hugo was his inspiration and guide and model. To re-read the nine plays of the older poet is to see precisely where the work of Rostand had its source. But it is also to gain a positive notion of the charm and memorableness of that work. For it is but the plain truth that he is a better and sounder romantic dramatist than any of the original members of the school.

Who now reads the plays of Hugo that make so brave a showing in superficial accounts of French literature? The anecdote of Gautier and the red waistcoat is far better known than the plot of "Hernani," not to speak of "Ruy Blas" or "Le Roi s'amuse." But if one actually reads these famous productions and strips them of their resounding alexandrines, they emerge the sorriest of melodramas, constructed with that crude ingenuity that takes refuge in

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mysterious strangers and sudden recognitions, in secret doors and caverns and deadly poisons. In this respect it is clear that Rostand betters the work of his master. Only in "Cyrano de Bergerac" is the plot involved or ingenious, and even here the structure arises with some soundness and reasonableness from the soil of human life and character. And in at least two of his plays—"La Princesse lointaine" and "Chantecler"—the dramatic progression is, within the limits set, simple and inevitable and harmonious.

He belonged, after all, to a subtler and more exacting age, and his interest centred in romantic ideas rather than in the cloak-and-dagger variety of romantic incident. And in the two plays just mentioned—they are undoubtedly his best—he is wholly concerned with the dramatic projection of an idea which is, in each case, intrinsically of very high poetic value. Nor is this all. For he used in "La Princesse lointaine" a legend, and in "Chantecler" a method of poetic embodiment both of which are immemorial possessions of the imagination of mankind. Thus both plays are more enduringly built than any with an invented fable can ever be.

In "La Princesse lointaine" he turns the story of the troubadour Rudel and the lady of Tripoli into an apologue of the ideal itself, of the romantic conception of the beauty and pathos of man's devotion to every unattainable splendor and every unseen good. The pictures of the sea and ship in this play have a golden clarity: those of the Oriental coast and court are warm without sultriness and rich without excess. The structure is symphonic in that the scenes are but as orchestral variations upon the theme recurrently sounded in the minstrel's song:

> O Love supreme that burns
> Hopeless of love's returns;
> Tireless by night it yearns,
> And day!
> With such vain dreams that are
> Loftier than life can mar,
> I love the Princess, far
> Away!
>
> For highest love I hold,
> Love that may not behold,
> Save in brief dreams of gold,
> Its star!
> With dreams that are the best
> Of all life gives, my breast
> Longs for the Loveliest,
> Afar!

Better known among us is the "Chantecler" with its fine romantic shifting of the ultimate value of life from the material to the spiritual realm, from the false sense of achievement to the enduring good of inspiration. And we have, no doubt, travelled very far from the world of Hugo's plays in the change of vision that comes to Chantecler in the end:

> THE GOLDEN PHEASANT:
> But how your courage old regain,
> Faith in your task being lost?
>
> CHANTECLER:
> To work again!
>
> THE GOLDEN PHEASANT:
> But if you do not make the morning rise?
>
> CHANTECLER:
> I summon farther suns from other skies!

But in the protagonist of his most popular play Rostand's kinship with Hugo is once more clearly seen. For Hugo's psychology is always based upon some vital contradiction; the character of his hero is always like one of those antithetical sentences of Macaulay that have become proverbial. And Cyrano of the "nose terrible" and the bleeding heart, of the turbulent temper and the poet's soul, is the brother of Lucrèce Borgia, of Ruy Blas—above all, of Triboulet in "Le Roi s'amuse." Rostand, in a word, rejected the coarser devices of the romantic drama in France, but kept all of its essentials; he remained true to his chosen *genre* even when, as in his best work, he refined upon the very ideas and passions of the romantic character.

The admiration of his own public, however, we must by no means forget, was given not only to his substance, but to his form—not less to the poet than to the playwright. In him appeared a writer of verse whose music could reach every ear, whose words could stir every mind. For most men, especially in the Latin countries, have but little sensitiveness in any art for the fine but eternal difference that divides the spirit of poetry from the gesture of eloquence. They prefer Verdi to Wagner and Thorwaldsen to Rodin. It passed unnoticed by the public that Rostand had very little of his master Hugo's singing gift. He strove after it very earnestly, and his plays are full of lyrical interludes, from the earlier and simpler song, "Chers astres du ciel" in "Les Romanesques" to the elaborate and, on its own plane, magnificent prayer of the nightingales in "Chantecler." "La Samaritaine" is wholly lyrical. But one need only recall the great Hugo, the lyrical Hugo, to know what regions were forever forbidden his disciple. The forest magic of "Un Peu de musique," the veritable storm of passion and regret in "Guitare,"

> Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
> Me rendra fou!

—these were beyond Rostand's reach. He copied Hugo's mannerism of antithetical structure and statement even in lyrical verse. But his own use of the device is hollow, artificial, and at times absurd:

> Ses attitudes sont des fleurs,
> Ses intonations des sources.

But once the distinction between poetry and eloquence is unmistakably established, one can afford to admire Rostand's medium without reserve. It is full of color—the rich, clear, definite color of the South; and it is full of light—a large and flooding light, whether of noon or evening. Its music is sonorous—a music that is always heard and never overheard, and that never remains unconscious of its own flexibility and resonance. Yet to have seen Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt deliver the great "tirades" in "Cyrano" or "Chantecler" must have been—once more on its own plane—to witness a very triumphant and very characteristic display of the genius of the Latins.

No wonder that the simpler lovers of literature welcomed this poet! What could they make, in the year of "Cyrano," of Vielé-Griffin's "La Clarté de vie," or Régnier's "Les Jeux rustiques et divins," or what, in the year of "Chantecler," of the same poet's profound and profoundly lovely "Les Médailles d'argille"? It is doubtful whether the wider public taste of France has even yet attained to an understanding of these works.

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The Church on the Eve of the Great Settlement

By STEPHEN LOWRIE

I AM writing on the night of the great day which saw the ending of the war. The noise of jubilee still rings in my ears, but far more impressive is the sense of the vast silence that has come on the long battle line from the North Sea to Switzerland. Hushed are cannon and machine guns, the din of conflict and the cries of the dying. It is the day for which weary hearts have longed and brave spirits have endured and striven during more than four terrible years.

Yet in all this consciousness of victory and of peace and the end of the arbitrary might of the Prussian autocrats, there persists an inward demand for the appraisal of the forces that are making for a future from which war must be abolished. And because by ties of memory and association I am a churchman, I find myself asking over and over, what of our churches, of our organized religious forces, in the critical days of reconstruction that are upon us? To my own inward questioning I find no hopeful answer. I am aware how much our churches have done in works of mercy, how loyally they have supported the state and strengthened the national morale. I am aware, too, that the shrieks of hate which have disgraced certain preachers are not so characteristic of the church as a whole as might appear from the newspapers. Moreover, I accept the obvious fact that the church, like other organizations, can scarcely play the rôle of the pioneer; yet no such facts can excuse her or give her just title to the devotion of eager spirits unless she awakes to a new sense of certain fundamental requirements of her own professed beliefs. I do not now complain that the church has somewhat too easily found a way to reconcile war and the teaching of Jesus, or even that, having in crisis made the choice of war as incomparably the lesser of two evils, she has not been penitent for her own sins of omission and commission which forced so ghastly a choice upon her. Rather I am concerned that apparently she is still blind to the great implications of her own religion—provided she has any religion other than the worship of the state.

Shortly after our entry into the war the Federal Council of Churches adopted a liberal declaration as to the recognition due to conscience. During the war the Council itself and the larger churches and their leaders have done rather less than nothing to give effect to their own declaration. On the whole it has been a problem to get them up to the level of the War Department's policy, and it is but sober truth that it has repeatedly proved easier to get some measure of understanding of the position of conscientious objectors from officials of the Department of Justice or of the War Department than from ministers of the Gospel. It would have been unreasonable to expect the churches to sympathize with men who object to participation in a war which the churches had pronounced necessary if not holy. It ought not to be unreasonable to expect them to see how completely they cut the ground from under their own feet when they talk of "the supremacy of the national conscience" and justify the punishment of men whose only crime is that like Peter they are persuaded that they ought to obey God rather than men. Of course the objectors may be mistaken as to God's voice, but the spiritual descendants of the prophets and apostles and martyrs can scarcely claim infallibility for the state as His mouthpiece. The Christian's cure for misguided conscience is conversion, not coercion. On this night of victory there are more than two hundred objectors in one of our military prisons alone. Their sentences range from ten to thirty years. Some of them—religious fanatics if you will—are in perpetual solitary confinement, manacled nine hours a day to bars of their cells, fed every alternate two weeks on bread and water because they cannot conscientiously accept what they regard as military work in an army prison. The war is over. Has the church that once praised the German foe of war, Karl Liebknecht, no sense of obligation to these American prisoners of conscience sentenced for terms four, five, or six times as long as his? If not, it is difficult to see how she can claim any more original function than that of the faithful handmaid of the political state.

In the second place, it has been almost a commonplace of the more intelligent Christian apologists that while the violence of war must be used to restrain the criminal nation, other forces must be invoked for its redemption and for the guaranty of lasting peace. In theory they have recognized not only the general kinship of humanity, but the special brotherhood that ought to prevail between those men of warring nations who pray to the same God, and look for the same salvation. Like labor, the Christian church can never utterly forget her internationalism even when some of her sons have gravely sinned against their brothers. Unlike labor, the Christian church has not made any truly effective effort to assert that brotherhood in the midst of war. American church leaders have rather contemptuously spurned the idea of an international conference for prayer, as a pro-German trick. But now Germany is utterly defeated, incapable of imperilling Allied success. The peace conference will soon meet. Labor plans an international conference at the same place and time. Still no leading Christian in this country has issued a clear and ringing plea that Christian delegates from all nations shall meet together to strive by mutual penitence and forgiveness to heal the hate and greed and bloody strife which have rent the family of God upon this earth. Shall we not believe that in the effort for such a conference might be an earnest of a new spirit of goodwill and coöperation, which alone can guarantee any lasting peace?

But more important than any conference of her own will be the church's influence upon policies of peace and reconstruction. Power is a mighty temptation. Germany is at our mercy. Her only protection is in our principles of justice, and our desire for a new international order. Let us face facts. To disarm her while maintaining our own armaments intact, to discriminate against her trade, to refuse her democratized Government an equitable place in the league of nations, to treat her colonies not as wards of the league, but as spoils for the victors, will be to sin against every essential of a clean—to say nothing of a Christian—peace. Will the church prove alert to the danger that in victory we may lose our own souls? In the day of triumph will she stand steadfast for the idealism of Mr. Wilson's greatest speeches and the declarations of allied labor?

Perhaps the supreme test of the church will be her attitude toward the social revolution in Germany. The peopl

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of that land apparently have seen that democracy is an affair more of the industrial than of the political order. They have risen against the class which exploited them, betrayed them, led them into unjust and ruthless war. So far the revolution has been almost bloodless. But it may, alas, before long turn to violence, though assuredly not to the highly organized violence of international war. The cry will come that we "restore order in Germany"; that is, crush the social revolution out of which new liberty may come among men. Where will the church throw her influence? She has condoned the violence of war for a great cause, she has been patient with the mistakes of warring nations. Will she condemn utterly the violence of an oppressed people rising at last in its might, and bless the forces of reaction which may desire to send our army to crush the revolution? Or will she seek to understand and to inspire with finer idealism this passion for freedom, alike in the political and in the economic reorganization of nations?

These are some of the questions before the churches. For their answer I appeal especially to their more liberal leaders. Those leaders have kept silence while our liberties of thought, of conscience, of speech, and assemblage, have been denied us. They have not protested against mobs or the legalized tyranny of our Espionage Act as administered by narrow officials. They have been busy with the war, or absorbed in innumerable committees. They have been "saving their influence" for this great moment. Surely that moment has come. Will they not declare themselves now for freedom, for reconciliation, for justice, and goodwill? If not, they cannot complain if the great beneficent streams of the future flow in other channels than those of any of our existing churches.

The Buffalo Street Car Strike and Mayor Buck

By FREDERIC ALMY

THERE is a quiet Mayor in Buffalo who reminds his friends of one of his predecessors, Grover Cleveland, not because they expect any meteoric career for him, but because he has Cleveland's stubborn courage. He has just taken steady punishment without wincing and without changing his successful strategy, in a twenty-four-day street car strike. Such a strike would have been impossible in a city of half a million people before the day of telephones and automobiles. The street-car management and its employees were partners in an apparently collusive strike for higher fares and wages. They finally made an unconditional surrender to the city, after they had had twenty-four days of no fares and no wages. Though the Mayor was pilloried and the city seriously inconvenienced, the company was finally defeated.

Under the twenty-six-year-old "Milburn agreement" of 1892, the street cars have a five-cent fare, which can be changed only by mutual agreement between the street railway company and the city. When the agreement was made, no doubt it was thought that this fare would be increasingly profitable. Possibly it was, until the war raised all costs. Last winter the company gave intolerable service, due partly to extreme weather and a fire in one of its car barns. The company has always been suspected, by the public, of preferring dividends to service, and reputable attorneys favorable to Mayor Buck say that for the last five years its dividends have averaged nearly eight per cent. on heavily watered stock, its best financial showing having been in 1916. In the spring of 1918 the company insisted that a higher fare than five cents was necessary for good service, and a strike was threatened.

Buffalo is the largest city which has commission government, and Mayor George S. Buck was the first Mayor elected under this system, in November, 1917. He was elected largely on his promise to try to improve the street-car situation. In June, 1918, he showed great courage and disappointed many of his supporters by agreeing to an ordinance providing for a higher fare than five cents if the Public Service Commission should so decide. He did this reluctantly, because he was told from Washington that war success would be endangered if a street-car strike interrupted work on war contracts. He says he did not know then that a city could do tolerably well for a while with no car service.

By the commission charter, no ordinance takes effect until thirty days after it is passed unless it is stated to be an emergency ordinance and is passed by four of the five members of the council. If a petition for a referendum is filed within the thirty days, with sufficient signatures, the ordinance is still further suspended, and does not take effect unless it is approved by the referendum. A petition was promptly filed, and the Mayor's action was reversed by a referendum vote on August 20 of more than five to one. This left him free for the course of his choice. The great majority in the vote was a protest not so much against a higher fare, as against any higher fare to the present management of the street railways, which, according to the popular idea, will give no better service than it has to, with a six or even a seven-cent fare.

The strike for higher fares and higher wages began October 3, without any apparent lack of harmony between the parties to it, and without violence or disorder at any time, though business was vastly excited. Two of the five commissioners, Messrs. Buck and Bagley, said that the strike did not justify an emergency ordinance. A mandamus from the Supreme Court to compel service from the company was granted but failed on appeal and the tension increased. Various plans proposed by the Chamber of Commerce and other boards were rejected by Messrs. Buck and Bagley, partly because they did not give the city control of the street railways. Meanwhile, the people walked, and the clamor grew. Both Buck and Bagley were pilloried, although their unpopularity was not so much with the people as with the merchants and bankers. The weather helped them much, for it was crisp and fair during the whole twenty-four days, except on one Sunday, and the influenza ban from October 11 to 31 also helped, for there were no churches, schools, theatres or meetings to go to, while on the other hand the strike helped to lessen the epidemic, which would have been increased by crowded street cars.

Business suffered heavily. Some of the department stores said that their sales were reduced one-half, but to a certain extent the small outlying stores gained what the large stores lost. As the strike continued, there were frequent broadsides from the Chamber of Commerce, from the bankers in a body, and from the merchants. The newspapers denounced Buck and Bagley in chorus daily. One of the most substantial called their supporters demagogues, notoriety seekers, political highwaymen, human scum, and

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blood-thirsty leeches, and said that they should be run out of town. Business went on after a fashion, and apparently the refusal of most of the public to use the few cars which ran occasionally was not so much from fear as from sympathy. The walking was good, and every automobile owner carried any one who looked willing. Those who preferred to walk without being importuned to ride almost had to use the off side of the street. An improvised, unlicensed jitney service was started. However, the inconvenience and the injury to business and to production were very serious.

On October 24, after a heavy loss in fares and wages by both parties to the strike, Buck and Bagley were voted down on a compromise measure, to which the company agreed, providing that half of its directors should be appointed by the city, though not a majority as Buck desired. The agreement gave the men increased pay dating back to June 1, and continued the five-cent fare for thirty days, making the rate thereafter six cents, with a rebate slip good for one cent if the Public Service Commission should refuse to increase the rate. A petition against the measure was filed on November 21, and as no new referendum can be held until six months after the last, the five-cent fare is continued not only until February 20, but thereafter if the referendum is adverse. A receivership for the company is among the possibilities. This petition was filed in spite of the fact that on November 14 the street car company threw up both hands and agreed that the city should name the entire board of directors. Mayor Buck in answer says: "I am satisfied that public opinion demands that those who control the street railway company in this city must get out and stay out."

All this will help toward municipal ownership of street railways, which Mayor Buck actively favors, and which Governor-elect Smith seems to favor also. At the state conference of mayors and other public officials at Newburgh, in June last, Mayor Buck was made chairman of a committee to draft and submit a permissive municipal ownership bill. This is now in preparation and will be introduced early in 1919. It is suggested that Buffalo might have a constant five-cent fare, with any loss borne by taxation. In early days there were tolls for the use of highways, and free street-car service, or service at a loss, is as conceivable as are free highways, which of course are costly to construct and whose maintenance is very expensive.

Contributors to this Issue

CHRISTIAN is one of the best-known among American students of social and political developments both at home and abroad.

GEORG BRANDES, the great Scandinavian critic, is an incisive writer on political topics.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, poet and literary critic, has been assistant professor of German language and literature in Ohio State University. He is a frequent contributor to the leading reviews, and is the author of numerous works on German and French literature.

STEPHEN LOWRIE is a New York clergyman who has given much attention to the problems of readjustment that will confront the Church with the coming of peace.

FREDERIC ALMY is secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo, and an active worker in every movement for municipal reform. He was president of the National Conference of Social Work in 1917.

In the Driftway

WHEN the late Leroy M. Bickford of Boston provided recently in his will that a copy of a Boston newspaper should be placed, daily, in every home in Newburg, Maine —his birthplace—he doubtless thought that he was conferring "a great boon" upon the community in which he "first saw the light." It is painful to record the fact that the press throughout the country altogether fails to share his view. The editor of a Pittsburgh paper heads an editorial on the subject with the caption: "Boston Man Places a Blight on his Home Town."

It is not clear why Mr. Bickford should put a blight on his home town, especially since he left it thirty years ago. To be afflicted with a Boston daily is cause enough to move from any town. Having lived in the Hub for thirty years, Mr. Bickford knew them all and therefore let each Newburg inhabitant pick his own poison.

* * * * *

JUST why the newspapers of Boston should be such a time-honored theme in journalistic circles it is a little hard to suggest, but there is at least one Boston paper which is establishing a position of curious prestige in the American press. We refer to the *Christian Science Monitor*. Its foreign news is singularly complete and accurate even if, at times, a little stodgy and pontifical; and it secures, in a placid sort of way, news "beats" which would cause any other journal fairly to shriek. It was the first newspaper, for example, to record the serious general strike which broke out in Australia some months ago. That strike was sufficiently political in color to cause the censor to suppress all cable accounts of it, but the *Monitor* jogged along with a full report more than a week ahead of all other press dispatches on the subject. Ardent Irishmen will find the paper unfriendly to anything more than a very tepid measure of "home rule," and Indian Nationalists will probably be furious with its Anglo-Indian editorial tone, but for news it is almost unrivalled. The curious part of it all is that the *Monitor* has achieved its reputation in newspaper circles by steadfastly denying the first rule of American daily journalism, that nothing is news that happened further back than yesterday.

* * * * *

THE man with the two golden service stripes puffed his cigar. "It is good," he said, "to smoke one of these after the funny things they sell you on the other side." Then he told of his year in the service and of Château Thierry, where he had been knocked down by a shell, and of the endless battle in the Argonne forest, and of its being all over now, and of his having time to think and wonder and ask himself questions. Then, speaking to no one in particular, he asked whether the President had left. "Yes," the Drifter said, "I saw him go five days ago. I am sure you fellows over there wanted him to go." The soldier looked out of the window and at the ceiling of the smoking car. Then he answered: "Yes, we wanted him, and again we did not want him—mostly the latter. We are afraid, sir, afraid of what will happen to him. You know why we went to war—I mean just us plain people who hate war and hate fighting and killing people. Well, there were these Germans, and they said that women and little children should not travel on the seas and we said that they should. We did not know much about politics, but we did know that we did not like what those Germans did to the women and the little children. So we

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told them to stop it, but they wouldn't. Well, then there was only one thing to do—go and make them stop it. We did it. The German knows what will come to him if ever he tries it again. He never will. He learned his lesson. And now I and the other boys want to go home, and we never want to hear of war again. As a matter of fact, we don't want to hear such an awful lot about Europe. They have their life, their ideas. We have ours. If they want to fight and have their little republics and their little kings and their one thousand little nations let them. But we will never move another finger to straighten out that mess." And then he stopped talking.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Greek Cuneiform

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Year's Work in Classical Studies* for 1916, Professor P. Giles of the University of Cambridge gives an amazed account of a paper by Professor Hrozny of Vienna (*Mitteilungen der deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft,* No. 56), in which, with the support of O. Weber and Eduard Meyer, he maintains certain recently discovered Hittite cuneiform inscriptions to be in an Indo-European language, of a type apparently most nearly akin to Latin. They all seem to be unaware that Professor George Hempl of Stanford University, some years earlier than Hrozny and much more fully than he, had shown the strongest reason to believe that Hittite cuneiform and pictographic inscriptions are not only Indo-European, but Greek of an archaic form, thus carrying back our knowledge of Greek to about 1400 B. C. Hempl's articles appeared in the *Transactions of the American Philological Association,* XLIV (1913), in the *Nation,* Sept. 9, 1915, and in the *Fluegel Memorial Volume* (Stanford University, 1916). It needs no great erudition to feel an interest today in the early history of such a political keystone as Asia Minor; if Greeks ruled Asia Minor thirty-three centuries ago, should Turks rule it now? But it is regrettable to see Britain and America still awaiting the philological cue from Germany and Austria, and ignoring similar work by an American scholar. We may disapprove the frenzied assaults in our schools on German intellectual things, but it is not necessary to be unfair to our own men of learning in order to be generous to foreign scholars.

JOHN S. P. TATLOCK

Stanford University, November 14

The Jews and Yiddish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the letter from Dr. Philipson (November 2) relative to my article, "Yiddish Books and Their Readers," which appeared in the *Nation* of October 12, certain statements are made which I should like to correct.

From the general trend of my argument it was obvious that in contrasting the American and Jewish literary tastes I had reference to those Jews only who read Yiddish. The literary tastes of the assimilated Jew were not under discussion.

Dr. Philipson has rightly inferred that I regard the Jews as a separate racial or national group, endowed or afflicted with specific traits or characteristics, and not merely as a sect held together by no other ties than their faith. It is nothing short of preposterous to deny that the Jews constitute a genuine psychological group when throughout the world they are considered and spoken of as such. Untutored persons share this common point of view, together with the most cultured of writers, in singling out such and such a person as a Jew, the thought of creed not entering the mind for one moment. Times without number have I heard the racial distinguishing mark affixed to Jews for the purpose of identification or specification. Perhaps Dr. Philipson and his school yield to the same impulse in their unsophisticated moments.

Dr. Philipson's concluding sentence is worth analyzing. He says: "My American nationality and my Jewish faith are not mutually exclusive, quite the contrary; the contrast is not between American and Jew, but between American and German and between Jew and Christian." He does not seem to realize that a contrast is only a difference thrown into relief for a particular purpose. The emphasis as a whole to be laid on a given contrast would depend on its significance. Conflict does not necessarily arise in every case where there is a contrast. Some of my best friends are those with whom I could seldom agree in matters of taste. What unites us as friends is our common ideal, the general outlook on life which we both share. Fair-haired people may conceivably live on amicable terms with dark-haired individuals, and, indeed, they may love each other in spite of the contrast in hue. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that occasionally there is greater danger in two persons being alike than in their possessing different temperaments.

A. A. ROBACK

Cambridge, Mass., November 10

While We Are Still Drunk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While they were drunk, says Tacitus, the Germans of eighteen hundred years ago used to consult about reconciling enemies and even regarding war and peace. But they postponed decisions till the morning after, when they were sober again.

Apropos of the many "red-blooded and patriotic" suggestions now being made as to penalizing the Kaiser by hanging or some similar inconvenience, it may appropriately be urged that we Americans have shown ourselves, in the past, too soft-hearted to punish public malefactors. No man was responsible for widowing and orphaning more Northern families than was Robert E. Lee. Red-blooded statesmen like Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, urged that he be hanged; and the New York *Tribune,* on May 1, 1865, expressed its inflexible patriotism as follows: "Robert E. Lee is one of the men who deliberately determined to betray his country. While meditating treason he retained his commission. When he made the plunge, he made it with his eyes open. Such a man is more guilty than any other."

That Lee was allowed to live is scarcely more deplorable and astonishing than that the "Great Criminal," Jefferson Davis, also escaped the death penalty. On all sides there were loud demands for his life, and President Johnson fully intended to hang him. But his trial was not held till two years later, when the war intoxication of hate, grief, vengeance, and victory had begun to pass away; and he was set free. Some red-blooded and patriotic journals raged against this action; yet throughout the press, as with the people, there was a strong undercurrent of pleased relief. Sober after-thought caused the New York *Tribune* to remark (in striking contrast with the spirit of the quotation given above) that his liberation would be "hailed as a victory for common sense"; and its virile editor, Horace Greeley, actually signed his name at the head of a list of gentlemen who would coöperate to secure the Confederate President's release. It was common remark among the journalists, gathered from all parts of the country at Richmond to report the proceedings, that the act of releasing Davis had done more for "real peace and reconstruction" than all the armies or statutes of the United States Government.

No doubt the Germans of eighteen hundred years ago sometimes departed from their wise custom and decided certain pressing questions while they were still drunk. It is not certain, however, that these decisions were among their wisest.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE, JR.

Middlebury, Vermont, November 21

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A Microscopic State at the Vanishing Point

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the general dissolution of monarchical forms among the mid-European States, the tea-pot tempest in Liechtenstein is welcome as contributing a mite of humor. One recalls Heine's delightful description of the revolution in Düsseldorf in 1806, when all the burghers waked up one morning ready to say "Good morning, father," and found that the paternal Elector had vanished in the night. This tiny state, in length only a good half-day's walk, hangs on the side of the Rhätikon Alps. Its village capital, Vaduz (*vallis dulcis*), bears a name that most people must have thought belonged to the realm of Cockaigne unless they had happened to stumble across it on a foot journey down the upper Rhine. With the self-annexation of Liechtenstein to Switzerland vanishes the last one of the microscopic States which gave Central Europe its crazy-quilt appearance before the Napoleonic wars had mediatized three-fourths of Germany's rulers. There is a trace of humor in the fact that the little State has been technically at war with Prussia since 1866. In that year, together with the South German States, it followed Austria into the war for the German hegemony, and was simply overlooked at the peace of Nikolsburg.

ROBERT H. FIFE, JR.

Middletown, Conn., November 25

Cleopatra's Capital

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While renewing my subscription to the *Nation* for the coming year, I am minded to call your attention to a slip in conjunctions in your issue of October 12, where you say that "Haifa *or* Acre had been taken" by General Allenby. As a matter of fact he took both cities on the same day.

Acre is several miles (two hours and a half by carriage) from Haifa, with a long stretch of sandy beach between them, and Haifa and Acre are not two names for the same city, as your paragraph seems to imply. Acre is the ancient Ptolemais, the city besieged by Sennacherib and Esar-Haddon, the city to which Cleopatra came to be its queen. Titus and Vespasian, Baldwin First and Richard Coeur-de-Lion, were all in turn its conquerors. St. Paul also visited Ptolemais.

Boston, October 18 FRANCIS E. CLARK

The "Giving" of Colonies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is published in your issue of November 16 (page 588) a note from Mr. Bertrand Shadwell, Chicago, in which he suggests that the German East African colonies be "given" to Belgium, and thereby relieve the United States of the odium of having anything whatsoever to do with them.

This opinion shows that Mr. Shadwell has remained altogether impervious to the direct and most obvious significations of the great currents of public opinion throughout the world with respect to the destinies of small and subject nationalities and racial groups. In the first place, he suggests that these colonies should be "given" to Belgium as an indemnity, as if they—their souls, bodies and native lands—were indeed negotiable and transferable at will by the more powerful nations. This is "force, force, without stint or limit" with a vengeance. Such a disposition of these colonies would betray an international hypocrisy so colossal as to constitute a subversive irritant against the peace of the world. ROBERT T. BROWNE

Brooklyn, November 17

The Soviets and the Classics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for November 16, Mr. A. R. Williams throughout his interesting article, "The Red Fleet in the Baltic," noticeably makes reference to the Soviet Government as a democracy. By definition and derivation a democracy is a Government of the people. But the Soviet apparently claims to be a Government of the proletariat and is therefore by its own claim no democracy, whatever it may be. The Greeks, who gave us the term democracy, had also a term which they used to draw a distinction between government of the people and rule of the populace—namely, ochlocracy. This term might properly be applied to the Soviet.

If the Greeks can give us a term for the present Russian Government, the Romans can add a description. Cicero has this in his De Republica, *Scipio*: "When all is in the power of the people, when the populace inflict punishment on whomever they will, when they drive off, seize upon, hold, destroy whatever they will, can you then deny, Laelius, that such a Government is a republic? For all things belong to the people, and we claim that a Government of the people is a republic." Then *Laelius:* "But I would deny nothing more quickly than that such a Government is a republic. For I do not agree that there was a republic at Athens when there were tyrants there, nor do I see how the name republic is any more suitable in connection with the domination of the populace. For there really is no people even, Scipio, unless as you have well defined it the inhabitants are bound together by common conception of law and justice; but such a Government as you have just been presenting to us is as much a tyrant as one supreme person would be, and is even more hideous, for there is nothing more monstrous than that wild beast which takes to itself the outward appearance and the name of a people."

G. A. HARRER

University of North Carolina, November 20

Sticking to the Goats

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a life-long reader of the *Nation* and mere words could not express the pleasure, satisfaction and profit that I have derived from its weekly visit. But if all this was true before, and words were inadequate to express appreciation, how truly have you laid all your readers under an increased debt by the new, the glorified, the super-*Nation* of the last three months. The clarity of vision, the balance, the broad-gauge sympathy that manifests itself in each succeeding issue makes us, your readers, as proud of your effort as ever you of the editorial board can be yourselves.

Perhaps those few lines of Martial "To A Windy Lawyer" sum up better than reams of hyperbole of laudation what the *Nation* is doing in real international, constructive thinking, and explains why it endears itself to all thinking men and women. Says Martial:

"My suit has nothing to do with assault, or battery, or poisoning, but is about three goats, which I complain have been stolen by my neighbor. This the judge desires to have proved to him; but you, with swelling words and extravagant gestures, dilate on the Battle of Cannae, the Mithridatic war, and the perjuries of the insensate Carthaginians, the Syllae, the Marii, and the Mucii. It is time, Postumus, to say something about my three goats."

We who are benefited by the sage comment and clear constructive thinking of the *Nation* are rendered doubly grateful by the knowledge that you stick like a pup at a root to the issue of "the goats." W. J. REID

Boston, October 16

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High Brow Pessimism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No organ of public opinion in American life can boast a nobler record in the fearless utterance of the truth in the championship of the right than the *Nation*. Perhaps you are in part responsible for the spirit that prompts this ejaculation.

Your recent editorials, while fearless and illuminating as ever, have engendered a spirit of protest. They incline me to ask, "Who will show us any good?" The most prominent political figure in the nation finds it expedient to "play politics" and you apparently throw him into the moral discard. Mr. Daniels, who many think has proven himself a fairly efficient secretary of the navy under trying conditions, you dub "a North Carolinian Cassandra" (by the way, when did Priam's daughter change her sex?). Mr. Lansing is merely "a capable diplomatic official," who is unequal to the demands of the coming peace conference. Mr. Burleson is a "cheap Texas politician." Mr. Gregory is a "narrow partisan lawyer." Mr. Redfield is a "nonentity" while Mr. McAdoo, though not without good qualities, has committed the unpardonable sin of being a temperamental Southerner besides damning himself forever in the eyes of the nation by segregating colored clerks at Washington (*pace* spirit of Charles Sumner). Republican leaders hardly fare better at your hands. I infer that Mr. Lodge often impresses you as a political snob while apparently only a kind Providence keeps Mr. Roosevelt out of jail. Granting that all this is true, in whole or in part, I submit it is rather discouraging, at all events to those of us who would like to believe that there is good in human nature. Can we not have just a bit less of this high brow pessimism and more of the human note that "makes the whole world kin?"

JNO. M. MECKLIN

University of Pittsburgh, November 30

The Return

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

JUST as a mother long ago
Held her sweet child at last, so we
Hold Life again within our arms
And lean to kiss him tenderly.

Life has come back into our hearts,
To us who bound the brow of Death
With too much laurel and who praised
Too much the going out of breath—
He has come back!

O we shall hold him safely now,
Poor hungry child upon whose head
Was laid the whip, to whom War gave
The bullet and the sword for bread.

He has come back!
Now we shall keep him in our hearts
And heal him by the music there.
We shall give War the truthful name
And snatch the roses from his hair.

We shall make songs and cities now,
Chart skies and tame the eastern fire,
And build an earthly Paradise
For him, by engines of desire.

The Soul of Flanders

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

OUTSIDE, the wind was blowing a gale. The little hotel, high on top of the dunes of Cadzand, shook with the effort of the storm. The single kerosene lamp flickered and threw uncertain shadows on the old yellow table of the taproom. Through the windows one saw the angry clouds, Valkyrie-like, racing past the pale moon. With some trouble I opened the door and stepped outside. In the dark of the porch, a freezing Dutch sentinel was stamping his feet. He wore a heavy gray coat, and carried his gun under his right arm as if it were a gigantic umbrella. "A cold night," I said. "A cold night," he answered. "Anything new?" I asked. "A few signals from Zeebrugge. A U-boat must be trying to get in. If you wait a moment you will see some fine fireworks."

At the foot of the dunes, the sea stretched toward the lighter horizon, dark as pitch. Where the water met the sand of the shore a faint light of phosphorescent foam moved to and fro. Near us, two uncertain lanterns bobbed violently up and down —a belated Dutch torpedo-boat guarding the mouth of the Scheldt. Suddenly, far out toward the West a rocket illuminated the sky. It showed green and then red. On the mole of Zeebrugge a red light burned brightly for a moment, spelling out dots and dashes. Then all was darkness again, and another German submarine crept back into its lair, surreptitiously, like a beast of prey, coming home from its nightly hunt.

"That will be all," said the sentinel, "unless there is going to be another bombing attack"; and looking at the sky, "It is too stormy for that. It will be a quiet night."

"Tell me," I asked, "where is the highest point here in the dunes?" "Right behind the house. But it is very dark and the place is full of barbed wire. What do you want to do?" "I want to see Flanders sleep," I answered. "That can be done. Poor Flanders has been asleep now for four years. You won't see much."

We followed a narrow path that began a few feet away from the house. "Careful," the soldier warned me, and in the sudden light of the bare moon I caught the cold gleam of polished steel. An anti-aircraft gun stood there silent and lonely, like a patient horse, waiting the word of its master to come and serve. Then we entered a labyrinth of barbed wire, and after some stumbling in the slippery sand we reached the top of the flat dune. "There," the soldier said, "there is Flanders."

Over the endless expanse of the flat Flemish land, the night had thrown her merciful cloak. Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, cities of ancient glory and fame, the centre of a world of commerce and art and good cheer—centuries before our American continent was dreamed of, they lay there, submerged in the common misery of foreign invasion, while the heavy boots of strange masters stamped the ground where Jan Breidel and Pieter de Coninck and Artevelde and Rubens and all the great leaders of a great race had so long slept their last peaceful slumbers. High above our heads a flock of seagulls circled. They shrieked their angry and plaintive wail. Suddenly they were quiet. In the midst of the storm and the noise of the surf, a mysterious beast of the night laughed aloud—laughed as if he mocked at all the world—then beat his invisible wings and departed for unknown regions.

The soldier made ready to go back to his post. "That was the ghost of Tyl Ulenspiegel," he said; "every night at this time he flies across Flanders land. The Germans hate him. They shoot at him. But they cannot kill him. He lives forever." Just then there was a short, sharp click, and from the nearby frontier came the report of a shot.

McBride has rendered a lasting service to the Flemish people by his timely publication of Coster's Tyl Ulenspiegel ("The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel,

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by Charles de Coster, translated from the French by Geoffrey Whitworth, and illustrated with twenty woodcuts by Albert Delstanche McBride; $2.50). Geoffrey Whitworth has gained their gratitude by his excellent translation. The woodcuts of Albert Delstanche show how well he has loved his subject. For once, publisher and translator and illustrator have worked together in a most happy spirit of collaboration.

Soon at Versailles the age-old Flemish question will come up for final settlement. Endless books and endless pamphlets and endless articles will be written to prove one point of view and to disprove another contention. The answer to the Flemish puzzle is to be found in the pages of this Flemish Bible.

For peace conferences come, and peace conferences go, the map of Europe is shaped one way at one time and the next year is arranged along different lines, but the invisible spirit of Tyl Ulenspiegel stays with his people for ever. During the many years of slavery he has become their patron Saint. The Flemish people have endured and have survived everything. And they have kept on smiling.

BOOKS

Thoughts on the Universe

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.
The Hive. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.
Pavannes and Divisions. By Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Prophets of Dissent. By Otto Heller. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.
The Comforts of Home. By Ralph Bergengren. Atlantic Monthly Press. 75 cents.

TWO compromises with the public have long been thrown out as baits to lure them into essay reading. One is the De Coverly half-narrative device pursued by Goldsmith in "A Citizen of the World"; by Irving and his colleagues in the "Salmagundi" papers; and by Holmes in his Breakfast Table series. The other is that of the novelists, George Meredith in particular, with an apocryphal book—like the "Pilgrim's Scrip" in "Richard Feverel," from which excerpts are made in the course of the story. Of the five volumes at hand, two still resort to the use of narrative thread, and three present themselves without apology. Whether they use the old devices or no device at all, they all throw some light on the mind of 1918.

The reprint from George Gissing plays with the pretence at autobiography in its record of the observations which Gissing casually set down in the year of his death, 1903. Divided into four groups for the four seasons of the year, they ramble from the enthusiasms of the bibliophile, and the pleasures of the table, to English self-righteousness, the dangers of democracy, and the war mania. The book is at once mellow and acid, affectionately reminiscent—and strangely so for one of Gissing's mood—of Victorian days, and prophetic of what has come to pass since his death. He was Victorian in his complacent regard of the individual, and pessimistically modern in his distrust of society. "Nothing is more rooted in my mind than the vast distinction between the individual and the class. Take a man by himself, and there is generally some reason to be found in him, some disposition for good. Mass him with his fellows in the social organism, and ten to one he becomes a blatant creature, without a thought of his own, ready for any evil to which contagion prompts him. It is because nations tend to stupidity and baseness that mankind moves so slowly; it is because individuals have a capacity for better things that it moves at all." It was a hard and fierce mirage which Gissing saw looming over the horizon. If he had known as much about the thirteenth century as he did about the mid-nineteenth he would doubtless have joined Edward Hutton and Rann Kennedy in their still remoter retrospects.

The other four volumes are all by contemporary Americans, of distinctly different points of view. The latest book by Will Levington Comfort also uses a half-narrative device. It is an eager ebullition of a mind which is essentially immature and full of the wisdom of immaturity. This seems to be the happy result of sympathetic contact with youth and its rather lovely sentimentalisms. Mr. Comfort says things which are eminently worth reading by young men and maidens, and which would serve admirably to quicken the minds of thousands of attendants at teachers' institutes. They are the kind of thing that ought to be said and written. The individual spirit should be cherished until it can fulfil itself.

The war, Mr. Comfort seems to feel, is merely a big subjective experience in which, with a new application, every man is for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. "I would not go to fight Germany, or France, or England, or America. I'd go because it's a cleanser." Evidently, when the Comfortable New Race comes, there will be neither nationalism nor internationalism, but men will resolve themselves into a committee of the whole, without a chairman, and then adjourn *sine die*. "The Hive" reads like the observations of a Boy Scoutmaster who has just discovered Emerson; and, of course, there is much to be said for Scoutmasters.

Mr. Ezra Pound is a different type of American from Mr. Comfort. He was born in Idaho, is a fore-figure among the imagists (although not included by Miss Lowell in her recent volume), and has come to the sad conclusion that there is no intellectual life in America which compares with that of England. He is steeped in an eclectic culture which runs from the oldest classics to Arnold Dolmetsch (who is out of date though still alive), and to Ford Madox Hueffer. The present book is a kaleidoscope of interesting and random suggestions. It is no small compliment to Mr. Pound to suggest that "Pavannes and Divisions," to be understood, needs the kind of mind which can synthesize its ideas like the ingenious mirrorings of the out-of-date kaleidoscope which was dear to the eye in the childhood of contemporary middle age.

In "Prophets of Dissent" Mr. Heller again is a variant American type—once a German, once a professor of German literature, now of modern European literature, widely read, keen in his interests, and actually qualified to say something about such men as Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Nietzsche, and Tolstoi. The essays are well worth reading by those who know nothing of these men—and also by those who assume to know a good deal, though all they know be spattery and inconclusive. His book belongs in the bibliographies of the four men, not merely because they are included in his title, but because he has contributed to the literature on them. At the same time, it is neither unfair nor ungenerous to be conscious of a personal tinge not only in the style, but in the thinking. Mr. Heller quotes Maeterlinck's indictment of the German people, and also, very fairly, his rather confusing acknowledgment of the German soldier as "a brother in misfortune . . . submitting to duties and laws which . . . he, too, believes lofty and necessary." He acknowledges that Strindberg, for a time, swallowed "the entire substance of Nietzsche's fantastic doctrine," but concludes his estimate of Nietzsche as an "inspired apostle of action, power, enthusiasm, and aspiration; in fine, a prophet of Vitality, and a messenger of Hope." This is not to impugn Mr. Heller's essays. It is simply to point out that, without any question as to his espousal of the Allied cause, he individually inclines to a charitable interpretation of certain matters in debate.

The last of the set is a genial breath of fresh air. Mr. Bergengren has no thesis and is able for a while not only to forget all the troubles of all the world, but to make any householder forget them in the light of life's amusing little irritations. The eight essays—particularly "The Plumber Appreciated"—are written quite without effort, are never overstrained, are full of a persuasive humor, and, at times, are so hilariously funny as to defy the efforts of the would-be-reader-aloud who hasn't a cast-iron control over his features and his risibilities.

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Ireland

Ireland: A Study in Nationalism. By Francis Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.

FRANCIS HACKETT'S book on Ireland will take a place with the other three authoritative works upon that country which have been produced in the past fifteen years. It is less exhaustive than Erskine Childers's "Framework of Home Rule" or M. Paul-Dubois's "Contemporary Ireland," but it has more vivid contact than these have with certain problems and conditions. It has a definite relation to Sir Horace Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century"; one might say that it directs the stream of criticism from the other side.

Other books have dealt with the limbs and lineaments of Irish nationality. This book deals with the skeleton. To Francis Hackett the economic conditions upon which Irish history moulds itself are as obvious as the boulders under the scant vegetation of the Connemara hills. In referring to other countries one is conscious of using a metaphor when one speaks of the economic skeleton. In speaking of Ireland one is conscious that the figure is a terribly literal one. Is not the landmark of Irish history the famine of 1847, in which Ireland lost more through starvation than England lost in battle in the first three years of the world war? Does not recent Irish history begin with the foundation of the Land League in 1879—an event furthered by the pressure of hunger and the dread of actual famine? Conditions in Ireland have been improving since 1879, and famine is no longer the dread of every generation brought up on the Irish soil. But even now disquieting conclusions may be drawn from the state of the country. "For a hundred years," says Mr. Hackett, "Ireland has been rotting with poverty. It has every vice, every cowardice, every ignorance, every insularity that poverty favors. They talk of 'the happy Irish.' Ireland has been insane with unhappiness. From the slums of Belfast to the agrarian slums of Kerry, from the inhospitable rocks of Donegal to the treeless forelands of Wexford, it has been calm with the heavy calmness of a sick room and dreamy with the dreaminess of privation and decay."

The magnitude and the intensity of the disease can be seen by a glance at the figures of emigration. Irish emigration is not an emigration such as Italy sends forth—it is a veritable exodus that leaves on the remnant of the population an undue burthen of the old and the blind, the halt and the insane. "Poverty has been quartered on the people like a foreign soldiery," says Mr. Hackett. "Day by day it has conducted the finest sons to the emigration port. The people fear it as they fear the plague. They starve themselves to keep from starvation. They stint their growth, their comfort, their necessity. . . . Poverty has sat in sardonic censorship on art and literature and science. . . . It has kept a beautiful country in wet and squalid rags."

And what is the cause of this wide spread poverty? A French observer of the last century briefly indicated it. "Ireland," wrote Cardinal Perraud, "is not simply a conquered country. She is a confiscated country." It is a measure of Mr. Hackett's powers that he is able to show us all the implications that flow from this terrific fact. It is now a commonplace of Irish history that the lordship of the soil was taken from the people of Ireland and that the attempt to hold the people out of their lands led to the enforcement of the Penal Laws with their edge directed against Catholic education and the accumulation of Catholic capital. Confiscation preceded the plantation of Ulster, and its memory keeps the Ulster Presbyterians out of community with the Irish people—they think that the title to their lands will yet be questioned. But it is not realized that the past confiscation of Irish resources forms a present fact in Irish politics. The Anglo-Irish governing classes receive dividends derived from that confiscation. It is this fact that makes them resist all attempts to give those democratic institutions that would permit the country to become creative. "Despite the work of liberalism in England," writes Mr. Hackett, "the *ancien régime* of Ireland is still twined into the state establishments. It is curled into the judiciary like a tropical germ. It has its tentacles in every nook of the Castle, living on large emoluments at the expense of popular need." Through its hold on the Irish railways it has built up a tariff against Irish industries, and it is quite willing that its allies in the English manufacturing interests should hold an argument against Irish autonomy.

"We do not always sufficiently realize (it is Mr. Austen Chamberlain who is speaking) that on the other side of the St. George's Channel lies a country whose annual imports amount to sixty-five million sterling. Even less do we realize that one-half (thirty-two millions sterling) is the value of the imports of manufacturers, mainly British, into Ireland. This trade in manufactured goods is not only already enormous, it is rapidly growing. It has increased by more than four millions in four years. Any ill-considered legislative measure (home rule) which interfered with or disturbed this great volume of trade would no doubt bring bankruptcy and disaster to many British firms and their workmen."

"What did Mr. Chamberlain mean by 'disturbed'?" Mr. Hackett asks. "Is it possible that he thought Home Rule might derange the confidence of the British manufacturer, or might render the Irish consumer incompetent? But real 'disturbance' could only mean one thing to Mr. Chamberlain, the building up of Irish manufactures under Home Rule, and the consequent falling off of imports." So we see how a modern nation can be kept tributary when there is a possessing class within who think that their vested interests are threatened by any free or creative life in the country.

The disposal of the Anglo-Irish governing class must be the first step towards the reconstruction of Irish life. Thirty years ago one of their own spokesmen, Standish O'Grady, asked them to reconsider their attitude to the Irish people. He compared them then to the suitors in the house of Odysseus, wasteful and insolent. They declined to reconsider their attitude. Now a man of the younger generation passes a verdict upon them.

And what of Irish nationalism? What of the power of the Catholic clergy? What of the Ulster problem? Mr. Hackett is as candid upon these topics as he is on the topic of economic strangulation. Nationalism is a necessity. It is an attempt to re-establish "the consensus of the native Irish will." Nevertheless, Mr. Hackett can write of it as "a divine but maddening liquor, and it ends by driving most reasonable men to prohibition. And the *furor Hibernicus* is not soda-water. The danger of nationalism to the Irish people is, in addition, its power to distract Irish will from the realities that press upon it for mastery." He sees the Catholic Church, Irish nationalism and British imperialism as three interpenetrating forces in Irish life. It is a pity that he does not note the very significant fact that on the occasions when Irish nationalism has been in conflict with the international polity of the Catholic Church it has not been Irish nationalism that has made the surrender. Thus, at the foundation of the new university ten years ago, the demand of the Gaelic League that the Irish language should be made an "essential" subject for the entrance examination was opposed by the Catholic hierarchy, who wished to have a university open to Catholic students from abroad. But the bishops had to accept the will of the people and permit the national university to have Gaelic insignia. Mr. Hackett is not greatly concerned with the church's international policy in Ireland. He distrusts individual priests, backed up as he thinks they are by an ecclesiastical ordinance that gives them an extraordinary advantage. The solution of this problem, too, is along the lines of democratic development. "Loyalty is not likely to permit any contumacy or modernism until there is no further constitutional use for the solid Catholic majority. . . . Once home rule is established the Church must be prepared for a new mood in Ireland."

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Mr. Hackett sees the "Ulster" problem in all its complexity. It has been made more difficult, he maintains, by the failure of the Irish Nationalists to show economic imagination. But the "Ulster" problem is an internal problem—one to be settled by the Irish people. And it is in deference to "Ulster" that he would forego Ireland's claim to independence and accept colonial home rule. The home rule that Francis Hackett sees as an absolute necessity for Ireland and for England is not the home rule that may or may not be on the Statute Book. It is the home rule that has been freely granted to Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand—a home rule that will give Ireland fiscal autonomy. In his claim for this form of home rule he is in agreement with Irish statesmen of the type of Sir Horace Plunkett and George Russell (Æ). Mr. Hackett's book is a record, as close as can be made on this side of the water, of the forces at work in Ireland of to-day. It gives the impression that under a satisfactory settlement Ireland would move slowly forward towards recovery but it may be that its author underestimates the creative power that is in the country. He might have stood out for the same sort of self-determination that will be granted Bohemia or Finland; but even those who would urge this conclusion can see the honesty of his approach to another form of settlement. His book is sincere, courageous and informed. And in the writing of it there is a distinct racial quality. In its sentences, spare and swift, is the quality of the race that boasted of its swords that they never left the remnant of a blow.

Phases of the Short Story

Capel Sion. By Caradoc Evans. New York: Boni & Liveright.
We Others. By Henri Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company
Zanoza. By R. G. Kirk. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Almanzar. By J. Frank Davis. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

NOT long ago a young Welshman signing himself Caradoc Evans electrified England, or at least the reviewers of England, by issuing a little "first book" called "My People." It was a book of sketches about the peasantry of West Wales, a people who had not been used in fiction before. It possessed the prime asset, therefore, of a new local color, an atmosphere, which is a matter no longer easily to be discovered even in patchwork Britain. But it had something better than that, for purposes of electrification, namely, an absolutely God-forsaken view of human nature and an utterly unscrupulous tongue. Here is a combination "hard to beat." Nobody but a reviewer can understand how refreshing a book like this may be, now and then, to professional palates which are simply tired of the usual thing. It has not only the fresh flavor (or smell) of an unexploited localism, but the ancient lure of a new window opened towards reality. We cannot know whether the smell is true, or whether the window really is a new one, or really opens on reality, but—perhaps! For the moment at least we feel ourselves shaking clear of the bogs of convention and the fogs of sentiment with which our way is compassed. Disagreeable, yes, but the real thing? Why not? Let us give it a hand, anyhow, "on the chance." Hence our chorus of British reviewers greeting the "My People" of young Mr. Caradoc Evans as a book of genius and vision and high art. Of course (they say) it is "grim," "frank," "merciless," even "ugly"; but that is because it is "stark," "powerful," "strong meat for strong men." Mr. Clement Shorter is outraged that the libraries should exclude such a book. The *Westminster Gazette* doesn't relish its matter, but finds refuge in praise of its manner: "Nothing but artistic purpose, and the rarer endowment of artistic capacity, could have carried a writer triumphantly through his welter of meanness and brutality and hypocritical depravity." In brief, he has wallowed well, but what if the welter be of his own making? What is his "triumph"—to have achieved tragic beauty, or to have fillipped our jaded senses with the uncommonly "high" flavor of an otherwise homely dish? Perhaps the answer is suggested by a noticeable tendency among the reviewers to value this "new" writer chiefly, after all, as one who has out-Hardied Hardy and taught the shade of Dostoievsky a thing or two. "Capel Sion" is of exactly the same substance and quality. We beg leave to question its sincerity as a document or as art. Its sketches of these Welsh people have a dreadful effectiveness because of their unrestrained cruelty. You can always get a literary effect, like any other object, by going straight for it without eyes or heart for anything else. No doubt there are Welsh peasants as blasphemous, as lustful, as selfish, as filthy, as utterly contemptible as the people in this book. That there are whole communities of them, in Wales or anywhere else, for whom nothing better can be said, it is impossible to believe.

The recently translated "Inferno" of Henri Barbusse, with its complex Parisian atmosphere, was a book of almost equally disheartening naturalism, despite its vague twist towards mysticism at the end. "We Others" is a collection of *contes*, that Gallic form of the short story which is at once so much less pretentious and so much more flexible than our own. Its extreme brevity would condemn it in the eyes of almost all American magazine editors, even if its indifference to their famous distinction between tale and sketch were not so undisguised. Mr. Caradoc Evans, for all his air of primitiveness, is a master of "the punch." M. Barbusse, if he has heard of it, shows no disposition to make a fetich of it. A few of these fifty tales have what we may recognize to be a "snappy ending," but most of them rest their effect upon a steady increment of feeling or comprehension, and end when enough has been said. They are grouped in three "Books," under the headings, "Fate," "The Madness of Love," and "Pity." It is an extraordinary collection of tales. Covering the cosmopolitan range of twentieth-century fiction, their scene is indifferently France, Turkey, India, Africa, or the Americas. One story is told in England, in a bungalow at Epsom, by "J. K. Alec Columbus," late of the Klondyke trail. Another is a farce-tragedy laid in a booming town of our Middle West.

"Zanoza" is an excellent example of the type of long short story or "storyette," which is peculiarly a Yankee notion, and (to judge from the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which makes a specialty of it) a favorite article of home consumption. The storyette is no slipshod contrivance; playlike, it must be elaborately plotted and worked out duly by the card—exposition, climax, impasse, dénouement, and always the one big punch to be led up to and enforced at all costs. For the rest, give us all the literature you can crowd in, without really separating us from the vernacular—give us allusions which shall vaguely recall the classical dictionary or the atlas of our youth, without making it necessary for us to hunt them up in the attic; give us a style recondite and allusive, a little Biblical, if you will, a style to make us blink, yet not think . . . and you have us. "Zanoza" is a story built carefully on this plan. It is a galvanization of the ancient *loup-garou* motive: a dog-story, probably, by editorial classification. In refreshing contrast is "Almanzar," by another new or, to us, unknown American writer. This is a group of stories or "episodes," as the author prefers to call them, centring in a young Texan Negro servant. The "black-faced comedian" has been a grotesque figure almost as familiar in print as on the stage. A very few writers, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, and one might name as many others, have conveyed the deep humor of the race, instead of its merely comic aspects. Almanzar Evarts, the big good-natured "colored boy" of the Farnsworth household in San Antonio, is a childlike, impulsive, improvident creature; but generous, honest, and loyal according to his lights. He does not hesitate to lie to his white folks for little ends or on "colored folks' business," but he could not betray them in any matter of importance. He is always in and out of love, but his fickleness is without guile.

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Crimes and Criminals

A Book of Remarkable Criminals. By H. B. Irving. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

Crime Prevention. By Arthur Woods. Princeton University Press. $1.

Not Guilty. By Robert Blatchford. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Criminology. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

NOT since the early experiments, one hundred years ago, with the Pennsylvania and Auburn systems of prison discipline has there been the wide-spread interest in criminology that there is to-day. The publicity given to the work of Judge Lindsay, Thomas Mott Osborne, and others, the intensive studies of Healy, and the efforts which the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has made to diffuse sound information about crimes and criminology have contributed not a little to the growth of this interest. The four books here noted are good evidence of the appeal which the subject makes to different types of men.

"A Book of Remarkable Criminals" is a book for the man who enjoys Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Irving says that he has chosen these criminals for their preëminence in character or achievement, but after reading some of the portrayals, one wonders at the selection. The introduction merely gives the author an opportunity to discuss in a general way his rather vague notions concerning the nature of crimes and criminals, and as a scientific criminologist, Mr. Irving is something of a novice. But he has skilfully woven together court records and other sources of information into stories of unusual interest.

Few of those in charge of the police of our large cities ever realize the possibilities of the position. On taking office, they find themselves in command of a fair sized army of trained and disciplined men, capable of carrying on their work in an orderly but routine fashion, with little supervision or direction. Most Commissioners have been content to let it go at that. Arthur Woods, ex-Police Commissioner of New York city, was an exception.

There is nothing revolutionary or new in his book. The only curious thing about it is that it should have been written by a Police Commissioner. It makes clear what a trained police force, inspired by good leadership, can and cannot do toward preventing crime; and hints also at what could be accomplished by the proper legislation. One point in Mr. Woods's book, in view of the present movement towards prohibition, deserves our immediate attention. He states that there are thought to be in New York city alone 200,000 persons who have the drug habit in some form. Present laws have not proved any deterrent and he sees no other way to remedy affairs but through drastic Federal laws. Is this not the time, on the eve of prohibition, to set about securing this all-important legislation?

In a sub-title, Robert Blatchford calls his book "A Defense of the Bottom Dog," and he defends the animal in question by explaining man in general. Lombroso and Darwin have furnished him with a large part of his material, although he has added ideas of which probably neither would approve. His thesis is that a man is what his heredity and environment make him; that there is no such thing as free will; that all blame and punishment are therefore unjust as well as useless; and that we should make every effort to change environment, as this can, to a large extent, overcome heredity. He does not deny that we have the right to prevent criminals from injuring society by detaining them, although he does not develop this thought.

There has been a real need for a book which would survey the entire field of criminology. The lack of such a book has proved a decided obstacle, for example, to teachers in our colleges and universities, who, responding to the general interest in criminology, have wished to give instruction in this subject. Mr. Parmelee in his "Criminology" has sought to meet this need. Mr. Parmelee has divided his subject into four parts: Nature and Evolution of Crime, Criminal Jurisprudence, Penology, and Crime and Social Progress. The familiarity of the author with the European literature on the subject is evident throughout the book. In fact, the book has a distinctly European flavor about it which may not altogether please American readers, although it is true that European scientists have done much toward building up a real science of criminology. Less space might have been given to general discussion, and more to a detailed account of some of the concrete problems.

There is plenty of evidence of independence of thought and judgment on the part of the author, and his reaction to current and popular notions is sharp and to the point. For instance, he refers approvingly to Alexander Berkman's chapters on sex in his "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist." The task which Mr. Parmelee has essayed is a difficult one. The literature is voluminous, and the theories among which he has had to pick and choose are many and opposing. In spite of the difficulties, the author has produced a book which is perhaps the best survey of the entire field that has recently appeared. A thoroughly satisfactory work on this subject has still to be written.

Studies of the Normans

The Normans in European History. By Charles Homer Haskins. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Norman Institutions. By Charles Homer Haskins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR HASKINS'S mastery of his subject would be proved by almost every page of these two books were it not already known from the long series of studies of which these works are a summing up. In a succession of papers read in London, Berlin, Rouen, and Richmond, and in articles published in the *American* and *English Historical Reviews* during the last decade and a half he has made it abundantly evident that his knowledge of the history and institutions of the Normans is exhaustive. This knowledge is the result of research in many libraries. Historical investigation is no longer merely a matter of reading the contemporary chroniclers and reproducing their story. It involves, in addition, at least for many periods, a long search for writs, charters, grants, and legal decisions, the testing of the origin, date and authenticity of these documents, and then the expenditure of an infinite amount of industry and ingenuity in their interpretation, and much exercise of the historic imagination in stating the results. It is the deficiency in all these steps in the process of investigation except the first and the last that has left the accounts given by the earlier historians little more than superficial and often mistaken personal impressions, to be corrected by the more competent scholars who follow.

It is Freeman who is the special culprit in this case. Little inclined as Professor Haskins is to belittle the work of his predecessors, as indicated by his generous praise of Brunner, Delisle, and Round, the principal German, French, and English students in the field, and many others, he finds little to say of Freeman's extensive works on the Normans, famous as they are, except that one of them is "useful" and another "readable," while he has many occasions to make corrections. He refers mildly also to the English scholar's "insular prejudice" against a certain non-English chronicler, and with some sarcasm to his "splendid indifference to such ecclesiastical matters as were not architectural." Nevertheless Professor Haskins would probably be the last to deny that the massive works of his predecessor have performed a service in making familiar the personality and achievements of the Norman dukes and their followers.

Whether viewed in the light of this more general information or in that of rigorous criticism the Normans step forth from the

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obscurity of the tenth century a gifted race, born leaders of men. They were perhaps race builders rather than themselves a race, for they were soon absorbed physically, in language, and largely in institutions into the resident population of northern France. But in the meantime, while this process of absorption was in progress, Normandy because of favoring conditions had become under the leadership of its Scandinavian ducal house and baronial family stocks in a sense a country apart. The people and the feudal nobility in Normandy possessed or developed a group of characteristics and ambitions which were definite enough and assertive enough to give to that region a life of its own, and to exercise a powerful influence on the other provinces of France, on England and even on distant southern Italy. During the three hundred years extending from the foundation of the duchy to the breaking up of the Norman-Angevin empire by the conquests of the French king from John Lackland the Normans were the most successful conquerors, the most enlightened assimilators of earlier institutions, and the most vigorous administrators in Europe. In the middle of the twelfth century "Normans ruled half of Italy, two-thirds of France and the whole of England, and they had made a beginning of Ireland and Scotland."

The rise, the life and culture, and the fall of this Norman state in France and England, the conquests of Norman adventurers among the Greek and Saracen populations of southern Italy, and the short but brilliant annals of the Norman dynasty in Sicily are the subject of the first of the volumes under review. The second is a more detailed study of the legal and ecclesiastical institutions of Normandy under the Conqueror and his immediate successors. Its references and bibliographies are made more valuable by the addition of a number of hitherto unpublished charters, some of them in facsimile, and much other original material. In many ways the Norman system was a temporary form of culture, simply the most complete example of a feudal state in an age of which feudalism was the most marked characteristic. But some Norman institutions survived and played a large rôle in the world's later history. The most important of these was no doubt the jury. To this subject Professor Haskins devotes his last and longest chapter.

It has of course long been known to scholars that the roots of the jury system are in the soil of the continent, not of England, though popular opinion still insists on attributing the origin of the jury either to Magna Carta or to ancient English custom. The immediate original from which both the grand jury and the petty jury sprang was the practice on the part of the duke or king of requiring a group of neighbors who presumably knew the facts to give a sworn decision in some dispute or uncertainty about them. It was a royal or, in Normandy, a ducal prerogative to force any man to take an oath; but the oath once taken he must tell the truth on the matter to which he was sworn. A writ putting men on their oath to give a verdict was therefore a privilege to be asked for by a litigant and granted, if he saw fit, by the sovereign. "Recognitions," as they were called, were regularly given by the rulers in England, in Normandy, in Anjou, and in Sicily in the late twelfth century. In the last three countries the practice died out later; in the first it lived, flourished, and became the jury system of all English-speaking countries. To discover the spring from which such a mighty river has risen has therefore long been a matter of scholarly interest. When were such writs first habitually given by king or duke? By an ingenious but convincingly probable interpretation of a certain initialled G in twelve places on the margin of the manuscript *livre noir* of the monastery of Bayeux Professor Haskins has shown that the use of the recognition as a regular form of legal proceeding was introduced by Geoffrey Plantagenet about 1145, while he was acting as duke of Normandy for his son, the later Henry II. No modern questions of statesmanship or subsistence are settled by such a discovery; it is nevertheless, like this whole work, not only of interest in itself, but an example of the kind of discriminating judgment that we might well apply to all our pressing problems.

Notes

THIS week E. P. Dutton will publish: "Faery Tales of Weir," by Anna McClure Sholl; "Life After Death," by James H. Hyslop; "Counter Attack," by Siegfried Sassoon; "Mother's Nursery Tales," by Katherine Pyle.

The January publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company include: "That's Me All Over, Mable," by Edward Streeter; "The Buccaneer Farmer," by Harold Bindloss; "A Popular History of France," by B. Van Vorst; "Yashka," by Maria Botchkareva. This company has taken over from the Macmillan Company the works of Alfred Noyes.

IN the general preface to his collected Works Mr. Hardy has observed "how much more concise and quintessential expression becomes when given in rhythmic form than when shaped in the language of prose." Had he accepted this principle Dr. J. H. E. Crees would have shifted the avenue of approach in his "George Meredith: A Study of his Works and Personality" (Blackwell) and would have regarded the poems not as a mere subsidiary off-shoot of the novelist's achievement but as containing the quintessence of Meredith's thought. The even more limited audience to which the poetry, as compared with the novels, appeals does not hinder it from being the centre around which the novels are grouped as a more elaborate commentary upon certain relatively restricted phases of human experience. In one of his letters Meredith remarks that "novel-writing embraces only a narrow portion of life." Dr. Crees himself admits that the novels depict one distinct and highly artificial type of civilization and that it is "the wealthy, landed, and often cultured class with which Meredith mainly concerns himself." The poems, on the other hand, range at will from Apollo and Skiagenia to Attila and King Harald and thence to "The Old Chartist," to aspects of "Modern Love," and to the feminist movement. All life is called upon to illustrate the philosophy of Earth. It may be granted, with Dr. Crees, that "the poetic chariot . . . may be too heavily weighted," that "poetry is a matter of nice equipoise," and that "this due equipoise Meredith rarely achieved." Yet verse has a way of outlasting prose, and taking into account the mass of impedimenta that Meredith's novels carry with them—the burden of over-subtle epigram and half-hinted metaphor, pitiless ellipsis and constant "inter-drone"—it may be prophesied that part at least of his poetry will travel further down the years than his prose, and will command an audience choice though spare when the novels, despite the evidences of their now increasing popularity assembled by Dr. Crees, and his confident assertion of their "immortality," will have attained the limbo of scholarly research. The point upon which the entire system of Dr. Crees's defence pivots is the contention that for the more precise analysis of character that Meredith, as compared with earlier novelists, undertook, he "was constrained to adopt elaborate or even labored methods of expression." Such an argument makes a virtue of a limitation. The reader of the three or four greatest of Mr. Hardy's novels or of some of the masterpieces that have come out of Russia in the last half century has the proofs to support a denial that profound knowledge of life and character cannot find expression in a perfectly lucid style. The argument is, moreover, unfair to Meredith, whose allusive style is due rather to his habit of assuming that his reader's intellect is keen and sympathetic than to any defective power of expression. Dr. Crees does not sufficiently differentiate between two points of view from which the novels may be regarded. As pamphlets, as "Tracts for the Times" they must become every year of less value; the radical of yesterday is the conservative of to-morrow. Meredith, the sharp but kindly critic of certain definite abuses in Victorian England, will soon be of historical interest only. It is the dissector of motive, the analyst of character, and the painter of a glorious gallery of super-

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women that will be remembered in the future, and be read by those who, for the sake of the intellectual stimulus that they contain, brave the hardships that confront them in his novels. The title of Dr. Crees's book notwithstanding, little is contributed towards the understanding of the "personality" of this brave, sturdy, and stubborn man of genius; a more ample use of the two volumes of letters might have supplied what is wanting in this respect. What is most commendable in the study is the nice judgment that selects the proper novel to illustrate each separate phase of Meredith's survey of Victorian society. Not least among his tributes to Meredith is Dr. Crees's own style with its prodigality of metaphor, allusion, and epigram.

IT is curious to compare "The Writings of Ivan Panin" (I. Panin, Grafton, Mass.; $2.50) with the latest book by Stephen Graham, "The Quest of the Face" (Macmillan; $1.75). In the first case we have a Russian who has been subject to New England influences for more than a quarter of a century. The Russification of Mr. Graham, the Englishman, began nearly two decades ago. Both men are deeply religious, both are earnestly in quest of Christ. Mr. Panin's Byzantinism has gradually crystallized into a rationalistic worship of the Scripture. New England has evidently smothered his Slav emotionalism and has endowed him with the faculty of sound reasoning and clear thinking. Unfortunately the major portion of Mr. Panin's "Writings" possesses a clearness that borders on the obvious; of the 3156 aphorisms there are but few that are not platitudinous. More complex is the mixture of the Byzantine and the Puritanic in Mr. Graham. By following his books, which have appeared in perhaps too rapid succession, one might have observed his growing leaning toward Eastern mysticism. It is apparent that he has been profoundly influenced by the Moscow Bogoiskateli (God Seekers), the circle of Merezhkovsky, Bulgakov, Prince Eugene Trubetskoy, and other Neo-Christians who strive to find a synthesis between Man-God and God-Man. Mr. Graham's "Quest" is throbbing with that pathos of sincerity and broad sympathy and love which is imbibed by a disciple of Dostoievsky. This redeeming feature atones, at least in part, for the occasional shallowness of the author's metaphors, and for his failure to discriminate between the symbolic and the allegoric in art and in life.

DOSTOIEVSKY had said concerning "The Cloak," one of the stories in the volume "Taras Bulba and Other Stories" (Dutton), by N. V. Gogol: "We have all come out of the Cloak." Indeed, Gogol was the first Russian realist to strike the keynote of sympathy with the lowly. His romantic tale, "Taras Bulba," depicts the Cossacks of mediaeval Ukraine in colors more glowing than truthful—a fact which may be explained by the nostalgia which Gogol felt for his native Little Russia while he resided in the cold, official St. Petersburg. The introduction by Mr. Cournos presents a succinct sketch of the history of Ukraine and of Gogol's attitude towards his home-province.

TO meet the sudden flare of democracy, sweeping to-day through every European nation, H. Nelson Gay is preparing for the Italians and printing at Florence, a series of short biographies of illustrious American. ("Americani Illustri," Firenze: R. Bemporad & Figlio; 50 cents). While the list of names appears, at first glance, somewhat miscellaneous, it is really strung around the thought of republicanism. Statesmen, soldiers, and poets compose the group, with an evident attempt to make a wide popular appeal. That Mr. Gay himself puts the books into Italian is not stated; but surely Owen Wister, Barrett Wendell, and Henry Dwight Sedgwick cannot all be possessed of so fluent a Tuscan style. Each volume is introduced by a well-known Italian writer. The biographies of Abramo Lincoln and Tomasso Jefferson are written in a flowing, short-sentenced manner, very different from that employed by the ordinary Italian historical writer. Martini's preface to the biography of Lincoln is of this old-fashioned elaborate phraseology; in the "life" itself we discover a high class type of newspaper writing. The purpose of the book is so excellent and the performance so good that it is invidious to criticise; but the editor has yielded to a foolish Italian provincialism and changed the names of his heroes into Italian forms. He has not modified the names of his authors. "Giovanni Hay. Di William Roscoe Thayer" is —absurd! Nor are all his heroes so metamorphosed. Edgar Allen Poe is not Edgardo. Walt Whitman defies the transcriber. Thomas Nelson Page, who writes the volume on Lincoln, has shown real genius in linking Lincoln with the people he addresses; for he states on the first page that the great American was a contemporary of Garibaldi and closes his book with a quotation on Lincoln from that national hero. The introductions are ecstatic with appreciation for the United States.

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S latest book, "Little England" (Nisbet), is rather a series of character sketches than a novel. The characters, whose names appear as headings to the chapters, are the inhabitants of a Sussex hamlet, Sunday Street, and include the squire, the parson, the Particular Baptist minister, and a yeoman family named Beatup, with their friends and relatives. These rather drab types we are invited to study in their reactions to the war and to their environment. A sort of rural tragedy is disclosed in the experience of the Beatups. The father drinks periodically and leaves the management of the farm to his efficient elder son, Tom. When the latter fails to convince the local board that a tippling sire is valid cause for exemption, the care of the place devolves upon the second son, Harry, a flighty youth who, however, is sobered by responsibility and makes a success of his new undertaking. Then Tom gets shot at the front, and, in the last chapter, Harry is called to the colors, the board still remaining inexorable. In the matter of character sketching it is essential not only that it be done well, but that the characters be worth sketching, and in the present case we hardly think the *dramatis personae* are worth writing about. Their dialect is that to which Miss Kaye-Smith's other books have accustomed, but not reconciled us. We sincerely hope that no people really talk like that.

THE Middle Ages loved an honest gutter. When the rain poured down upon the roof the gaping monster of the heavy leaden gutter sprinkled a generous torrent upon the passers-by, both innocent and other. The small and large deeds of the Allied soldiers are in a similar way gathered by the industrious publisher and poured upon the reading public with the indiscrimination of the gargoyle. "The Flying Yankee" (Dodd, Mead; $1.35), by Flight, whirls down upon us from the sky. "Naval Heroes of To-day" (Century; $1.50), by Francis A. Collins, fires broadsides from our mightiest battleships. Neither book is good. Neither book is bad. They are both war-books written by fairly incompetent pens. The reader who cares for literature mixed with his martial exploits is referred to Lord Dunsany's "Tales of War" (Little, Brown; $1.25), a small volume that shows charm of imagination which does not leave the author even amid the grime and misery of his Inniskilling Batallion. Meanwhile, the busy presses send us another hasty production called the "Fighting Mascot" (Dodd, Mead; $1.35). It is the story of a boy, Tommy Kehoe, who enlisted at a fantastic age to go and kill Germans. The director of the Library Department of the American Boy Scouts predicts that this book will prove "the biggest and best boy's book of the war for many years to come." From a fair personal experience of actual warfare we beg to differ with this statement. The sooner such books are forgotten —the sooner the Tommy Kehoes and the Empeys and their colleagues are back at their allotted tasks, the better it will be for our own children and the world in which they will be obliged to live. These are immoral books. They are published because the publisher sees a chance to make an immediate hit with an exciting story, and so sets an experienced writer upon the trail of a "cockney-kid" to get "his dope." The boy talks, the writer

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writes, and the publisher gathers his profit. It is an unpleasant affair. The cloak of patriotism does not make it any better.

THE Rev. Burris A. Jenkins believes with Horace that *ridendo dicere vera* is legitimate enough; and if, in his little book, "The Protestant," (Christian Century Press; $1.35), he sometimes almost borrows the tone of the redoubtable Mr. Sunday, for the most part the volume is inoffensive and amusing. He dedicates it to "The Bravest Men I Ever Knew—the Heretics," and it is clearly intended to prepare the way for a great Protestant—a second Luther. Mr. Jenkins distinctly disavows any constructive purpose. By way of proving the need of a Protestant, Mr. Jenkins compiles a formidable list of things to be protested against, in the van of which he places the Creeds. Of these he says: "Creeds paraded in public are highly egotistical, immodest, indecent. They are like taking off your clothes in the market square to reveal your bare soul. I protest against your doing it. The police should be called in." And again: "Nobody else's creed will fit me; and my creed will fit nobody else. Two pairs of feet were never made alike. The agony of trying to make the curves of mine fit into the old shoes of another man's that fit him like the paper on the wall! My creed only irks you. Yours only makes me tired and sore; that is if we try to wear one another's. If we each only let the other fellow alone to wear his own, we are perfectly comfortable." Then there is Bibliolatry, against which the coming champion must vigorously protest: "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me; and yet Protestantism for three hundred years has been worshipping parchment and ink. The Catholics worshipped an old man in a white robe. Protestantism felt the need of some such figure-head . . . and so set up the Bible *in loco dei*. There must be a seat of authority in religion, said Protestantism. Must there? I am not aware of the necessity. . . . I think the Protestant, when he comes, will dispense with a seat of authority. Strength to his elbow!"

IN August of the year 1914 the German commercial fleet disappeared from the seven seas. The work of forty years of minute and careful expansion was undone in a single thoughtless minute. German trade in Africa and Asia and South America and Australia was dead. America was the heir apparent. England and France were otherwise occupied. The small neutral nations of Europe, deprived of coal and raw materials, were of no great account. And every newspaper of this vast country wrote a solemn editorial and said, "The time has come to consolidate our expansion in all quarters of the globe." That was over four years ago. But recently one of the great men of the largest and most powerful state of the great southern continent (in a burst of unexpected confidence) said: "During the war we have been obliged to come to America for our products. America is the sole and only purveyor of goods. But now that the war is over we shall have to go back to Germany, for the Germans give us what we want and the Americans give us what they think we ought to want." Our French and English friends have taken a very different interest in the matter. While the wisdom of our rulers discontinued the study of German and restricted the knowledge of the language of the enemy, France and England have encouraged their people to learn the enemy tongue with a vengeance. They knew that the competitor of to-morrow must be attacked and forestalled even while the war was going on. They were convinced that language is the best key to the psychology of the enemy. They studied his mind through literature. They prepared themselves to meet the foe upon his own ground. Hence such books as this latest volume of Professor Henry Hauser, "Germany's Commercial Grip of the World" (Scribner; $1.50). It is an excellent book, giving careful enumeration of all the facts which for almost half a century contributed to Germany's economic success; a scientific discussion of the German banks and their international affiliations, which enabled the German merchant to grant his long-time credits; and a thorough account of the steamship lines and other means of transportation which covered the whole earth with a network of routes for big and small vessels, obeying orders given from an office building in Hamburg or Bremen. Finally Dr. Hauser offers an unbiassed study of that omnipresent Prussian "State" which guided every footstep of its subjects and backed up the commercial and industrial expansion of territories which were part of competing imperial systems.

IT is difficult to mention with restraint such a book as "The Human Side of Animals" (Stokes; $1.25) by Royal Dixon. It is cowardly to attack the modern discoveries and achievements of scientists and naturalists by undermining the only foundation upon which they can build—the truth, and it is little short of blasphemous to pretend to lead little children through truth, beauty, and love to Nature, with frequent references to God and the Bible, through a whole volume tissued with misstatements. The quotations and alleged facts in the book are drawn chiefly from authors who are wholly discredited as unreliable, while Mr. Dixon's own discursions would be amusing if they were not so unfair, whether from ignorance or not, to the recent labors of real nature-lovers and naturalists. As one example from many scores take the use of fire by apes. This, if true, would be a matter of the utmost importance in the past history of man, and yet the author bandies it casually about, asserting it on pages xx, 147, and 148, and denying it on page 127. Is this the way to lead little children to truth? Munchausen himself would envy the imagination which tells of the home-life of the "nkengos" (wild animal-men), or the zebras which have bad dispositions because they live in the same part of Africa with the bad cannibalistic Hottentots! Even our best-known animals become unrecognizable when handled by Mr. Dixon. Imagine a man writing books about trees and birds and animals, who solemnly tells his readers that the common woodchuck of North America obtains his food through the long, hard winters by living in burrows "near streams where he can catch fish and small animals that live in or near the water." That is enough to make the real victim of this Gulliver's tale groan in his upland home, and turn over in the midst of his deep hibernation sleep! It is bad enough directly to misrepresent Nature and to quote from volumes which no real naturalist would have on his shelves, but to do this in the name of truth, beauty, and the Bible, to call on little children to believe these false things as manifestations of God's goodness—this is indeed unworthy of any red-blooded man who lives on the earth and day by day looks his fellows in the eyes. It is, in fact, one of the worst cases of nature faking that have recently come under our notice, and is for this reason, a dangerous book to put into the hands of inexperienced and uncritical persons, to whose all too large stock of misinformation it may add very considerably.

DURING the last six years some interesting evidence has accumulated relative to prehistoric man in America. Unfortunately the site and position of the newly-discovered human remains have not been so definitely diagnostic as to preclude disagreement on the exact age. In Argentina remains of Toxodon (a generalized Ungulate family of animals which lived in Tertiary times) were unearthed with a nicely shaped quartzite arrow point imbedded in the bone of the upper leg. Human bones were discovered by the Yale Peruvian Expedition near Cuzco, buried beneath nearly one hundred feet of gravel, their age being estimated at from twenty to forty thousand years. More recently in an asphalt lake in California the skeleton of a small human female was found associated with the bones of many modern animals, bears, wolves, antelopes, mice and eagles, together with a giant condor-like bird. At Vera, Florida, two skeletons were washed out of sand in which were numerous Pleistocene remains of sloths, horses, mammoths, and camels. These and other discoveries are described by Aleš Hrdlička in "Recent Discoveries Attributed to Early Man in America" (Washington: Government Printing Office).

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Art

Vagaries of a Picture Collector

The Cult of Old Paintings and The Romney Case. By Rickard W. Lloyd. London: Skeffington & Son, Ltd.

IN this strange book a running commentary on various aspects of collecting pictures is more or less haltingly kept up by an author who makes fitful but half reluctant attempts to conceal the fact that the paintings selected for reproduction and comment belong to him. Interspersed with many not very illuminating criticisms are quotations from Shakespeare, Sheridan, Ruskin, Emerson, Reynolds, Milton, Brougham, Dickens, Carlyle, Ben Jonson, Gladstone, Dr. Johnson, Bryan, Thomas Moore, Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Byron, Pope, and the author himself. The credulous might almost assume that the writings of these dramatists, poets, critics, historians, novelists, and scholars had been searched merely to afford us a complete anthology of painting in its literary aspect.

In these days of freedom a man may gratify his pleasures or satisfy his literary ambitions by committing to paper whatever he likes on the subject of pictures. In any case the publication of so curious a conglomeration of ideas and personal reminiscences, rather amateurishly put together, can be partially condoned on the ground that the second half of the title may have a topical attraction for those who did not read the account of the Romney case in the English newspapers of last May. At the outset we accept, not, however, without question, the statement that "the illustrations have the advantage of being free from *gossypium*, which is so frequently seen in the text. Those in this book that are taken from old paintings have never been reproduced before. They therefore possess the charm of novelty." A footnote informs us that "*gossypium* is the therapeutical term for cotton wool."

As we read on we are not altogether surprised that "it is not within the scope of this booklet to differentiate between the great schools of Art, including the Florentine. . . . let alone the many masters in those schools." The author, indeed, volunteers the frank avowal that "what is here written is intended to be popular." But even so, why should so many of the statements be demonstrably inaccurate? We read that Cornelius *(sic)* Janssens "remained in England until 1648." It may be a mere detail, but the correct date is 1643, in which year he was granted a speaker's warrant to pass beyond seas. As was clearly demonstrated early in 1909, the earlier date is the correct one, although a typographical error of the last century has misled countless unsuspecting critics, among whom Mr. Lloyd must now be included. About the same date it was pointed out that there are many uncertainties regarding the facts recited in the Milton tercentenary exhibition catalogue on the subject of the portrait of "John Milton, ætatis suae 10, anno 1618," then held by some to be by Janssens. We are bluntly informed that "most of the important paintings are in public or private collections, but not all of them." This seems pretty safe, if not very helpful.

We read that "there cannot be many Rembrandts undiscovered." Why not? During the past fifteen years very many more previously unknown pictures of Rembrandt's than of any other artist's have been brought to light. Also the forty or so of his works stolen recently from the Hermitage at Petrograd will have to be rediscovered. However, the author discusses and illustrates "a seascape, a landscape, and a nude by Rembrandt" which are his own property, the second of these being "signed Ronbrandt," as we learn.

It is extraordinary how often and how easily one may detect errors in this book. The dates of Lely, Kneller, Morland, and others strike the eye as strange, and when tested prove to be incorrect. We may single out Kneller, as "his paintings will in all likelihood rise in market value." Perhaps he will then come into his own even in the matter of a consensus of opinion regarding the years of his birth and death. In the meantime we hazard the dates 1646-1723, to supplant 1648-1722, given here. By "Meags" [*sic*] is probably meant Raphael Mengs. The "trick" referred to on page 91 was pretty certainly not "learned from Membling" [*sic*], but from Hans Memline. It is quite misleading to state that Turner "drew figures so badly that when they are well done that fact is against the picture being by him." Also we disagree with the sweeping and unqualified statement that "Gainsborough did not sign his pictures." That was the opinion originated by Edwards in 1808. A competent critic, in May, 1909, put forward the view that Edwards was in error. We can to-day indicate at least seven pictures—two of them in New York—which bear the name or the monogram of Gainsborough.

We do not share the opinion of "the well-known A. R. A.," who preferred "the painting by G. van Honthorst, 1652," here reproduced and the property of our author-collector, to the Velazquez "Venus." Equally untenable is the theory that "so proficient are some restorers that they even, as it were, transfer the paintings on canvases to panels." This is, of course, an impossibility. The author-collector, who is confessedly "not a painter" (p. 113), has confusedly reversed the process. For all the world knows that numerous panel paintings have been transferred to, and laid down on, canvas. It is strange how frequently the reader will find himself at variance with this collector-author, who is, however, ready to admit that "aptitude for the work of attributing pictures must vary in different individuals." Direct and incontestable, however, on the other hand, is Mr. Lloyd's remark that "veterinary people speak of a horse being so many hands high—a hand being fixed at four inches."

Drama

The People's Theatre*

BROADWAY is alive with little plays of the Great War, plays with uniforms and guns and spies, but never a hint of what is going on in Russia, in Germany, or in the minds of men and women everywhere. The dramatic bookshelves of the day are even barer than the stages. They have almost no dramas of the hour except a few inspired, not by the war itself, but by hatred of all war. Yet those who know the power of the theatre to interpret men to themselves and to one another, those who consider the drama, as Louis-Sebastian Mercier did, "the most potent and direct means of strengthening human reason and enlightening the whole nation," still believe that it is in the theatres of the world rather than in trenches or parliaments or churches that the real lesson of internationalism will be learned. They are loath to say, "And thus the war ends," before the spirit and the stimulus of the world's greatest drama penetrates farther into the theatre than the box-office. One of the first signs that it will still penetrate is the publication, in translation, of Romain Rolland's forward-looking and constructive programme for a "People's Theatre," with two of the powerful, if unconventional, plays, "The Fourteenth of July" and "Danton," which he conceived as suitable material for a theatre of the masses. The book and the plays were written almost twenty years ago, yet they come to us fresh and

*The People's Theatre. By Romain Rolland. Holt. $1.25.
The Popular Theatre. By George Jean Nathan. Knopf. $1.60.

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vigorous just as if they had been written only yesterday.

The reason why the stimulus of the war has not affected the theatre before this is indicated in a line from a letter of Rolland to his translator, Barrett Clark, answering the suggestion made by Mr. Clark that Rolland was crushed by the war, which had driven him from his beloved France to Switzerland and silence. "Crushed! Not in the least, my dear sir. I am merely *gagged!*" That is why we have, as yet, no plays of the Great War. The imagination of the world, without which great drama cannot thrive, is always gagged in wartime.

It was the same during the French Revolution. Even the decrees of the Convention that there should be national theatres, popular festivals, and public performances of great plays, failed of realization because there were no suitable plays to perform and no people organized to respond to them if there had been. "Is it not too bad," Rolland said, twenty years ago, "that that sublime tempest passed away without leaving the trace of a work which shall live through the centuries?" Our day is not alone in its dramatic silence.

If the French Revolution created no plays worthy of its hour, still it did develop, enrich, and pass on the tradition of a national people's theatre as a goal worth striving for—not a theatre made over from our bourgeois theatre, let out and taken in to fit the figure of the people, but a theatre which should grow to its own full size through popular festivals and education, until it became, for all the men and women of the nation "a recreation, a source of energy, and a guiding light to the intelligence." This is the sort of People's Theatre which Rousseau and Diderot inspired the leaders of the Revolution to work for; which passed in direct descent from the Revolution to Michelet, from Michelet to Rolland, and so to us. It has nothing in common with the theory which holds that a theatre of the people can use either the material or the mechanics of our present playhouses. "The adherents of the two theories," Rolland says, "represent diametrically opposed ideals. One believes in the Theatre; the other in the People. One is the champion of the Past, the other of the Future."

There are plenty of people who love the theatre as an institution who will disagree with Rolland here, holding that the two theories are not opposed, but separate and parallel. Away from Broadway it always seems quite possible and feasible to develop out of our present theatre a theatre of the few which shall be equally a theatre of the people, although not of the masses, one which shall be as important in our national life and more vital to our art life. All who have this faith and want to continue in it will do well to avoid reading another book of the hour, "The Popular Theatre," by George Jean Nathan, one of the shrewdest critics of the bourgeois theatre in America and one of its most typical products, vehement, keen, plausible, vulgar and without vision.

E. J. R. I.

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Music

Three New Operas by Puccini

EIGHT years have elapsed since Italy's foremost composer of the period came to New York to witness the first performance on any stage of his seventh opera, "The Girl of the Golden West." It was eminently appropriate that Giacomo Puccini should come over for this purpose, since the libretto of that opera has a California background. In the matter of local color or atmosphere, however, the "Fanciulla del West" proved disappointing, and in melodic inspiration it lagged far behind its three predecessors: "La Bohême" (1896), "Tosca" (1900), and, particularly, "Madama Butterfly" (1904).

These dates indicate that Puccini, unlike most of his predecessors in Italy, allowed himself ample time to elaborate his scores; the four-year interval was lengthened to six before the "Fanciulla" made her début, and as he is now sixty years old, it is perhaps natural that he should not again have come forward with a novelty until after the lapse of eight years. Still, his admirers had begun to fear that the failure of his Californian opera had discouraged further effort—for a failure it was, even though the cast, including Caruso and Destinn, made possible seven performances the first season. The tremendous popularity of the other operas named has made him a very wealthy man; and, like Verdi, who once allowed sixteen years to elapse between two operas, or Rossini, who altogether loafed during the last thirty-nine years of his life, he loves the *dolce far niente*. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to find that the rumors current for a year or two that Puccini was again busy at his desk proved true.

Three new operas have been submitted to the judgment of professionals and music lovers (who do not always agree, at least at first). The Metropolitan Opera House purchased the right for the world-première of "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi," and, as each is in one act only, the three were performed there on the same evening, last Saturday, with casts including such well-known singers as Geraldine Farrar, Marie Sundelius, Claudia Muzio, Florence Easton, Giulio Crimi, Albert Reiss, Alice Gentle, Giuseppe De Luca, and Andrea de Segurola.

"Il Tabarro" (The Cloak) is a miniature tragedy of the blood-and-thunder order, such as the Italian school of "verists" favors. It is based on Didier Gold's "La Houppelande," and vies in ghastliness with any shilling shocker. On a bend of the river Seine, with the imposing Notre Dame in the background, lies the barge of Michele. His wife is a young woman who finds daily barging so monotonous that she indulges in a love-affair with one of the longshoremen who helps with the unloading. The striking of a match is to be the signal for his coming aboard at night after the husband has retired. Unexpectedly, it is he who strikes a match first, to light his pipe. The laborer promptly comes. Michele, whose suspicions had been aroused, grabs him by the neck, makes him confess, strangles him, and hides him under his cloak. When the wife comes on deck he throws open his cloak and she utters a shriek of horror as her lover's body rolls at her feet.

That Puccini was quite equal to providing a musical equivalent of such a climax of horror need not be said to those who remember the torture scene in "Tosca." Terrific is the orchestral crash. The love duo does not stir the pulse, nor is there in any of these novelties an air to compare in beauty with "Vissi d'arte" or "Un bel di." The reproach and jealousy scene is musically beautiful and there is a good deal of ineffective conversation music. The cleverest thing in "Il Tabarro" is the orchestral imitation of a wheezy barrel-organ which provides an amusing diversion.

The second of the novelties, "Suor Angelica," presents in its beginning a pleasing contrast to its predecessor, yet it ends as a thriller all the same. Angelica, daughter of a Florentine noble-

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man, has been interned in a convent because of an illicit love affair. For seven years she has had no word from her family, and she longs to hear what has become of her little boy, who had been taken away from her when only a few days old. One day the abbess announces the arrival of the Princess, Angelica's aunt, a haughty personage who asks her to sign a document in favor of her younger sister, who is to be married, and in answer to the eager question about the boy informs the mother that he died two years ago. With a shriek of agony Angelica falls down. After the departure of her aunt she concocts a poison of herbs in the garden and drinks it. Seized by remorse at the last moment, she implores the Virgin not to let her die in mortal sin, whereupon a miracle happens: enveloped in celestial radiance the Virgin appears and pushes the boy into the arms of the dying mother. It is needless to say that it was to Geraldine Farrar that the part of Angelica was entrusted. Much of the score is tiresome, both vocally and orchestrally.

From one point of view the third of the new operas, "Gianni Schicchi," is the most successful of the three; from another, the least so. Its plot exhibits the expectant joy of a group of relatives over the death bed of a wealthy Florentine named Donati. To their dismay, the will, when opened, shows that he has left his all to the church. With the aid of a clever shyster, named Schicchi, they succeed in hiding the fact that Donati is dead; Schicchi takes the place of the corpse, and sends for a notary to make a new will, in which, however, to the renewed dismay and indignation of the relatives, who are afraid to protest, he leaves nearly everything to himself. It is easy to imagine the chances for comedy and farce in this plot; but it is not well suited to musical treatment, which retards the action too much. It is modelled after Verdi's "Falstaff," which has never been a success. Say what you will conversational music, however cleverly constructed, cannot take the place of melody. The better model cess. Say what you will, conversational music, however cleverly would have been Wagner's "Meistersinger."

HENRY T. FINCK

Finance

Crops and Prosperity

THE very interesting figures just given out by the Department of Agriculture indicate that the nation's principal farm crops this year reached a new high record in value. On the basis of prices received by farmers as of December 1, these crops show a total value of $12,272,412,000. Should this promise be fulfilled, the total production of the farms this year will represent a valuation $614,380,000 greater than the previous record year, the increase in acreage being 365,895,722 acres.

Almost every crop on the list was worth more this year than ever before, owing to the abnormally high prices paid producers. With these large yields, the indications are that the United States will be well prepared to fill its pledge of enormous exports of foodstuffs to Europe next year. The showing is very satisfactory and means that the forthcoming Government loan will probably find a ready market in that section of the country whose wealth is mainly represented by the output of the soil. At present calculations the corn crop is worth $3,500,000,000; the wheat crop about $2,000,000,000; and the oats crop more than $1,000,000,000.

There can be little doubt that our farmers constitute a very prosperous class of business men. They are enjoying to-day luxuries which they never had before. The situation is extraordinary in that although the world war has ended, the rest of the world stands in urgent need of American foodstuffs and food supplies. The probability is that the export demand for these supplies will show an immense increase as soon as the restoration of ships to trade purposes makes it possible for American exporters to ship their supplies in quantities sufficient to satisfy the foreign demand.

All this new wealth will be helpful in financing the cost of reconstruction which represents a problem of great importance to the people. The probability is, however, that these demands will be taken care of in due time, for the vicissitudes of the war have made it easy for the American people to tackle great financial problems. Our bountiful harvest and the splendid results which have been achieved from the conservation of credit have fortified the country's position in important particulars. That the public is inclined to take an optimistic view of the future is indicated by the ready absorption of the first important long-term railway loan that has been issued since the United States entered the list of belligerent nations.

The heavy over-subscriptions for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad's $10,500,000 five per cent. loan was of more than passing interest. These bonds were taken almost before the bankers could make a formal offering of the loan. The issue matures in 1987 and it is safe to predict that the bonds will sell at a high premium long before they are paid off. In this connection, the broadening demand for investments from savings banks and various investment institutions has been a reassuring development of the December bond market. The savings banks are making a good showing, notwithstanding high living costs and withdrawals by subscribers to the various Government loans. The savings banks of this and other States have reentered the bond market and although the total absorption is not so great as that of normal years, the aggregate purchases make an impressive showing.

The Capital Issues Committee, although still exercising a sort of supervision, is no longer very strict in its regulations. It has rendered the country excellent service, however, but the probability is that it will adopt a more liberal policy and do what it can to promote the financing of legitimate enterprises. The indications are therefore that during the next few weeks, the investment markets will witness increased activity with important flotations of various kinds.

It is fortunate therefore that the country is gradually emerging from the period of short-term financing. One and two-year loans are always costly and for that reason are seldom resorted to in any large way, except at times when the money markets reflect acute tension. Many corporations are in a position to use more capital and the probability is that they will find it much less difficult to secure this accommodation during 1919 than has been the case in 1918.

WILLIAM JUSTUS BOIES

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

POETRY AND DRAMA

Braithwaite, W. S. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918. Small, Maynard. $2.

Clark, B. H. European Theories of the Drama. Stewart & Kidd Company. $3.50.

Foley, J. W. Friendly Rhymes. Dutton. $2.

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Hall, F. H. Memories: Grave and Gay. Harper. $3.50.

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Macmillan, D. B. Four Years in the White North. Harper. $4.
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Cobb, Stanwood. The Essential Mysticism. Four Seas Company. $1.25.
Enelow, H. G. The War and the Bible. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Hefelbower, S. G. The Relation of John Locke to English Deism. University of Chicago Press. $1.
Hyslop, J. H. Life After Death. Dutton. $2.
Martin, A. W. Psychic Tendencies of Today. Appleton. $1.50.
Webbermin, Georg. Christian Belief in God. Yale University Press. $1.25.

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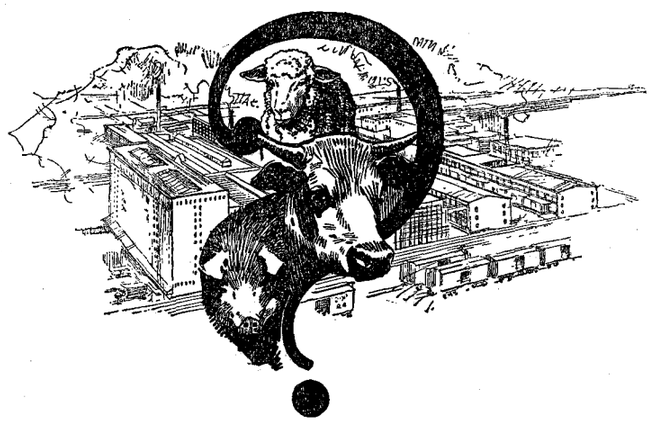

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